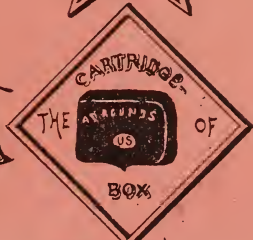


40
FORTY ROUNDS



FROM THE
FIGHTING CHAPLAIN

INCLUDING

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AND ALL THE OLD

WAR SONGS

MOST POPULAR IN CAMP-FIRES AND RE-UNIONS:
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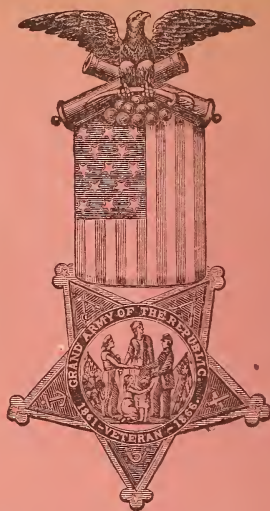
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And Funny Stories From

THE SUNNY SIDE OF SOLDIER LIFE,

By REV. JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER, Chaplain 37th Indiana Infantry 3 years, and Major Indiana Legion 2 years. Chaplain First National Encampment G. A. R. 1866; Chaplain Department of Iowa. G. A. R., 1886.

OPINIONS.

"Our people are not yet satisfied. They want you back for a third night."—Department Commander, W. C. Henry, of Nebraska, to Chaplain Lozier.

"We never knew an audience to laugh so easily, so long or so loud. No man, woman or child left that audience not paid ten fold for time and money spent."—Chaunte (Kan.) Times.

"He is in many respects the peer of John B. Gough, whom he resembles more than any other living man."—Omaha Bee.

"Chaplain Lozier was the life and soul of the entertainment."—Grand Army Advocate. [Description of the great reunion at San Francisco, 1886.]

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For the benefit of the Grand Army, W. R. C., the S. of V., and for Churches and Lecture Committees, your choice of the following entertainments:

1. "Forty Rounds" from the 'Fighting Chaplain.' 2. "Grab a Root!" 3. "Top Rails" for Loyal Camp Fires." 4. "A Night with the 'Fighting Chaplain.'"

While these entertainments are full of war incidents and patriotism, they are adapted to all associations of good and patriotic citizens, and are intensely enjoyed by everybody. I have given them for the benefit of churches of various denominations, and for the Y. M. C. A., to their delight and profit. Will the reader do both the public and myself the kindness to take an interest in this matter and work up an entertainment? My terms are *unusually liberal*. Address me as early as possible for further particulars.

J. H. LOZIER,

Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

Lock Box 170.

Bozier, John Hogarth

40



ROUNDS

FROM THE CARTRIDGE BOX OF THE

Fighting Chaplain

EMBRACING THE "CREAM" OF THE "OLD WAR SONGS" AND RECITATIONS,
AND THE ODES OF THE

W. R. C.

G. A. R. S. of V.

PRICE

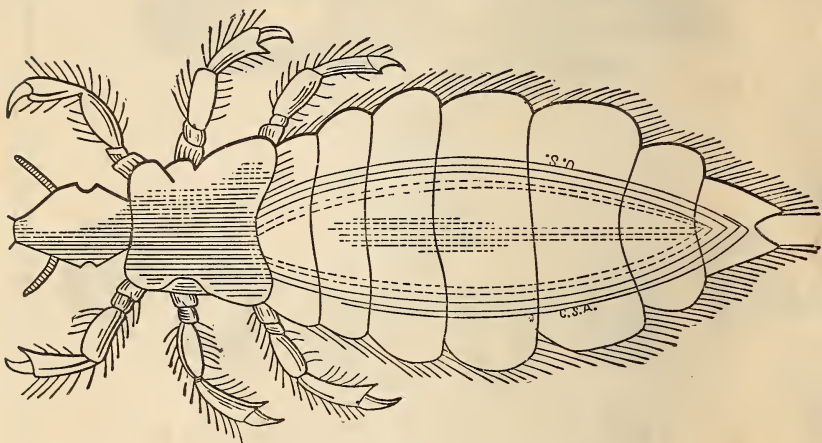
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Per Dozen to Posts, Camps, Corps or Agents, at the rate of 15 Cents Each.

E647
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The "Old Soldiers'" Auld Lang Syne.



Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot



And Never
Brought



TO MIND?



Should we forget the "Boys" we met
In the days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, my "Boys,"
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' coffee yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e dodged among the trees
And pu'd the chickens fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne!—CHORUS.

We're limping lamely down the hill
To life's last "picket line,"
But our old hearts beat warmly still
For auld ald syne!—CHORUS.

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Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by LOZIER BROTHERS, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

THE FIGHTING CHAPLAIN.



CHAPLAIN JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER.

Chaplain Lozier, the orator of the day, who made such a ringing, loyal speech on Memorial Day, was born in Indiana in 1830, and graduated from DePauw University in 1857. He served three years and three months as Chaplain of the 37th Regiment, Indiana Infantry, and two years as Major of the "Indiana Legion." The later years of his service were devoted to providing for the helpless soldiers, and their widows and orphans, prior to the founding of the Indiana Soldiers' Home, of which he was financial agent.

Among the many things written of him during the war, the following, copied from "The Annals of the Army of the Cumberland," pages 325 and 326, will be regarded as of special weight, from the fact that this book was compiled under the eye of Gen. Rosecrans, and was practically edited by the martyr President Garfield:

"As an instance of the valuable services rendered by the army chaplains, we may mention that during the battles of Stone River, Chaplain Lozier of the 37th Indiana was constantly on the ground assisting in the removal of the wounded, exposing himself in the most fearless manner to the shower of shot and shell. His services upon that occasion were of inestimable value, as can be attested by many who, but for him helpless and wounded as they were, might have met their death at the feet of the trampling hosts rushing on to the fray."

He was the first prohibition candidate for Governor of the State of Iowa, and was the founder of the Clear Lake Park, and Religious Summer Resort enterprise. He has the honor of being the first mover in the Iowa Temperance Alliance, and drew the first draft of its articles of alliance. He was chosen its first president, but declined to serve because he was carrying the Clear Lake enterprise. He is now department chaplain of the Iowa G. A. R., and is extensively known among the boys in blue, not only in the State but the Nation. His home is at Mt. Vernon, where he has located, in order to afford his sons the advantages of Cornell College.

THE CHAPLAIN'S RHYMES

OF "TENDERFOOT" AND "GRAYBACK" TIMES.

[As recited by the author at the great National Camp Fire of the G. A. R. at San Francisco, August 1886, at the conclusion of the speeches of Comrades John A. Logan, O. O. Howard and Commander-in-Chief Lucius Fairchild].

I

Again on the "homeward march" are met
The Veteran "Boys in Blue";
The boys who answered their country's call
In sixty-one and two.
Boys who were boys in those lithsome days,
That drift to the "Long Ago,"
And are still "the boys" in feats and joys,
That only Veterans know.



"SHAKE."

II.

For when comrades meet, they whiles repeat,
Their soldiering days of yore;
And renew the scenes (and the "Army Beans"),
And fight their battles o'er.
And though they gaze, through a lengthening maze,
Of years of toil and pain,
You marvel not, that,—those years forgot,—
The "boys" are boys again.

III.

And the fife and drum make the young blood come
 In the Veteran's veins anew,
 And he answers all the bugle calls,
 As in 'sixty-one and 'two
 At Revilee he "scratches out,"
 With his old-time yawn and rub.
 And, anon, you see him "scratching dirt"
 When he hears the call for "grub."



"And the fife and drum make the young blood come."

IV.

And the din and clatter of cup and platter,
 Brings old-time memories back,
 When we first marched up with plate and cup
 To Uncle Samuel's "rack."
 How our teeth did crack on the old "hard tack,"
 But failed to leave their "mark";
 How we'd chew and gag over beef from some stag
 That descended from Noah's Ark!



"Uncle Samuel's 'Rack'."

V.

We had read in the Book that when devils forsook
 The victim they long had bound,
 Into swine they fled, and, 'tis further said
 These swine—not the devils—were drowned.
 Well, the "boys" relate, that the pork we ate,
 Along with our army beans,
 Had come from some shoat that went afloat
 On that sea ot the Gadarenes!

VI.

And didn't we think it "mighty tough"
 When we *first* went into camp?
 No boards were sent to floor our tent!
 And the evening dewes were damp!
 And you and I heaved many a sigh,
 And ruefully scratched our heads,
 When we understood our "Uncle" would
 Not issue us *feather* beds!



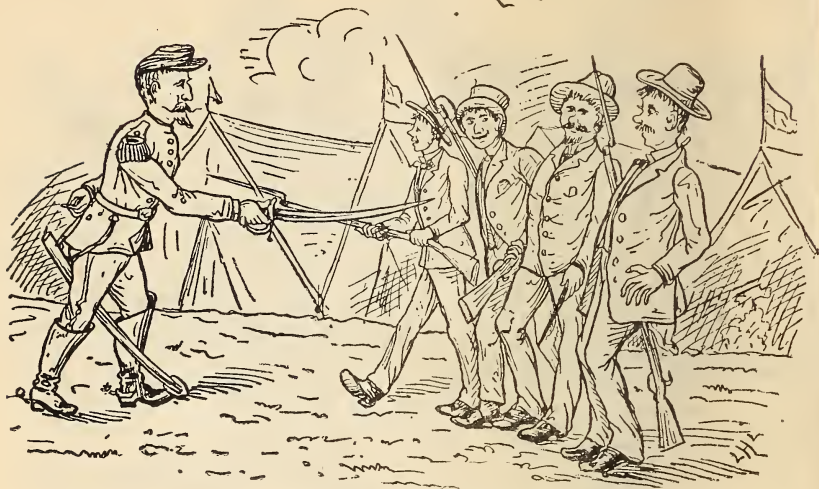
"When we first went into camp."

VII.

And weren't those knapsacks hard as rocks,
 We woefully took for pillows?
 And didn't those straw bunks torture us,
 With their undulating billows?
 And didn't those letters *first* sent home,
 Their tidings of *hardships* utter?
 We had to drink coffee without any *cream*,
 And sometimes were out of butter!"

VIII.

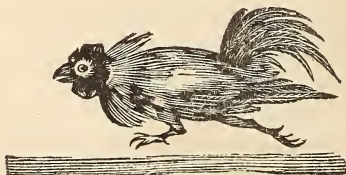
And 'tis funny now to remember how
 Our "tactics" we displayed,
 As we tramped and trod in the "Awkward Squad"
 Of that "Tenderfoot Brigade."
 With that everlasting "Left," "Left," "Left,"
 That drill with saber and gun;
 And that "Double Quick"—well, it came too thick
 To be rated as first-class *fun*.



"In the 'Awkward Squad'."

IX.

But didn't we strut with princely pride
 When our uniforms we drew?
 Coats big enough to take us inside,
 And our stolen poultry, too.
 Pants—you say—"cut with a dull wood-saw,
 And made to fit the Buck,"
 And you say yourselves that "Number Twelves"
 Were the smallest *shoes* you struck!



"And our stolen poultry, too."

X.

But though you "struck" no smaller shoes,
 The "*converse*" may be true:
 If you happened to fool 'round a Government mule,
 Some smaller shoes struck *you*!
 And whether or not you escaped his feet,
 I'm very certain that you'll
 Admit the fact, that your throat you've cracked,
 By yelling "Here's Your Mule"



"Here's your mule!"

XI.

But the funny thing in our soldiering,
 Is how we thought it "tough,"
 When we first went in, with our tender skin,
 Though of *rations* we had enough.
 But after we'd "been there" a year or two,
 The flat side of a rail
 Was a "downy" bed; and "nigger bread"
 Was better than toast and quail!

XII.

For our stomachs grew much tougher, too,
 As well as our heels and hide;
 And we didn't "gag" when a strolling mag—
 —Got in our meat we 'spied!
 If he set up a "*Pre-emption Claim*"
 We didn't dispute his terms;
 He held his claim; but, all the same,
 We went for that "Diet of Worms!"



"That Diet of Worms!"

XIII.

And our drinks from bogs where wallowed hogs
 Was like nectar that angels quaff!
 And we gladly went for that old "Pup Tent;"
 —'Twas a palace when we got half.
 And when we got where the fight was hot,
 Most any shelter would suit;
 And when shot and shell around us fell,
 You're right we could "grab a root!"

* * * * *

But we found short rations and scanty fare
 Before the disturbance was through,
 But the "boys" declare that the *underwear*
 Was the *shortest* of all they drew.
 You drew that shirt down over your head,—
 —Those drawers up over your feet;
 But—short is the tale—you did always fail
 To cause those "extremes to meet!"



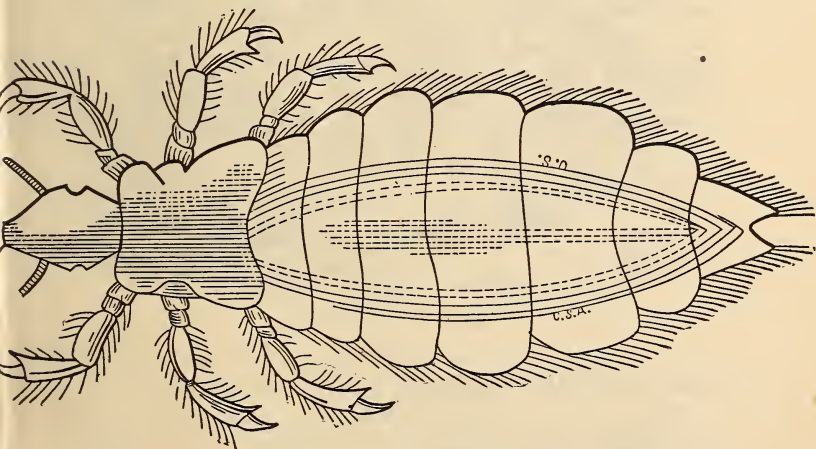
"The *shortest* of all we drew."

XV.

Or, to use the phrase of our soldiering days:
 That *underwear* "neglected
 To close up the ranks and keep the flanks
 And center well protected!"
 But "compensations" are everywhere,
 And e'en here we got our pay back—
 As through that breach we chanced to reach
 And capture a straggling "Grayback."

XVI.

Ah! Comrades, what wonder you seem appalled?
 What queer sensations creep o'er us
 At thought of that insect, technically called,
 "*Pediculous Corporis!*"
 Now, if my meaning you fail to see
 In this ancient Roman name,
 Just call it a *Blouse* and skip the "B,"
 And youv'e caught it just the same!



"*Pediculus Corporis.*"

XVII.

Yet no soldier here will drop e'en a tear
 For his "gray" old "companions" of yore;
 Tho' admitting the fact that they "stuck to your back"
 Through all the grim fortunes of war!

Thus prejudice patriotism o'erpowers;
 For no one among us denies
 There was more "soldier blood" in their veins than in
 ours,
 In proportion, of course, to their *size*!

XVIII.

And who were more watchful and active than they,
 Amid all war's dreadful alarms?
 You never attacked them by night or by day,
 But you found them "in force, under *arms*!"
 You never betrayed them by guile or surprise,
 And nothing their ardor could smother;
 If you caused them to "git" from a certain "arm'd pit,"
 You soon found them safe in the other!



"In force, under arms."

XIX.

And none of this "sectional hostility,"
 His generous nature e'er knew;
 The friend of the traitorous rebel was he,
 As of Loyalty's legions in Blue.
 When he and his family came to our camp,
 Full many a big tree and thicket,
 Hid even you chaps who wore feathers and straps
 While you did "private" duty on *pick it*!



"Private duty on pick it."

XX.

Of course your big officers would not confess
 To these "naked facts" when you'd "tree" 'em,
 But would boldly declare they had only been there
 To drill for the army *lice-see-'em!*—(Lyceum).
 If "practice makes perfect" we all will admit,
 That going so often to "train" ment,
 That, "stripped for the strife," they would *sacrifice life*,
 To make that a "crack" entertainment.

XXI.

And now, unlamented by "Reb" or by "Yank,"
 The Grayback in solitude sleepeth;
 But the chases we gave him o'er breastwork and flank,
 Each Veteran's fond memory keepeth;
 In "foraging off" of the country" he beat
 "Old Billy" the marcher and "bummer";
 And none of us doubt that he *did* "fight it out"
 Like Grant, though it *took him all summer!*

*

*

*

*

*

XXII.

It is probably best that I "give you a rest,"
 Though it be not the "rest" of my rhyme.
 With so "lively" a theme, it would naturally seem
 That you don't want *too much* at a time.
 I'm glad if my rhymes of our soldiering times
 Shall add to your measure of joys;
 For my *subject* I know, in those days long ago,
Has "tickled" the most of you "Boys!"



"PARADE'S DISMISSED."

IS OUR BANNER STILL ADVANCING?*

BY CHAPLAIN LOZIER.

[NOTE—All who witnessed the charge of the Union troops upon Missionary Ridge will remember that the whole face of the mountain soon became enveloped in smoke and dust, so that it was at times difficult to distinguish our lines of Union Soldiers save by the bright colors of the glorious old "Stars and Stripes." Hence, all eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of our Banner, and all were inquiring: "Is she still going up?" Then again the "Old Flag" would be seen through the rifts in the smoke and dust, still mounting toward the top, and then there would go up a shout that made Lookout Mountain and the Forts around Chattanooga re-echo:—"Yes, she's still going higher and higher! These incidents gave rise to the following songs or recitations].

"Is our Banner still advancing?"
 Hear the loyal hosts exclaim,
 While the rallying ranks of freedom,
 Onward dash 'mid smoke and flame,
 Onward up the fort ribbed mountain
 'Gainst the leaden storm they passed,
 Till the grand old Flag of Freedom,
 Waved in triumph o'er its crest!

All songs marked* are published in sheet music, and can be had by mail, by sending 30 cents to the S. Bainards' Sons, or Root & Son's Music Co., Chicago, or the John Church Music Co., Cincinnati, O.

“Is our Banner still advancing?”
 Gasped the soldier as he died,
 While the blood his heart was yielding,
 Trickled down the mountain side.
 But his comrades hurried onward,
 Till the mountain top they trod!
 They have scaled that dreaded mountain,
 He has sealed the “mount of God!”

“Is our Banner still advancing?”
 Rings the echo through the air;
 Well may freemen swell that chorus,
 All their hopes are centered there.
 Bear aloft that grand old Banner
 While our rallying hosts repeat:
 “This shall be our nation’s glory,
 Or our nation’s winding sheet!”

CHORUS:—Still advancing, Higher! Higher!
 Shout ye loyal! Shout ye brave!
 Tyrants, let your hopes expire,
 When you see that Banner wave!



YES, OUR FLAG IS STILL ADVANCING.*

Reply to the preceding.—Same author.

Yes! Our Flag is still advancing!
 See! It mounts toward the sun!
 Rebel legions dash against it,
 But it still keeps moving on!

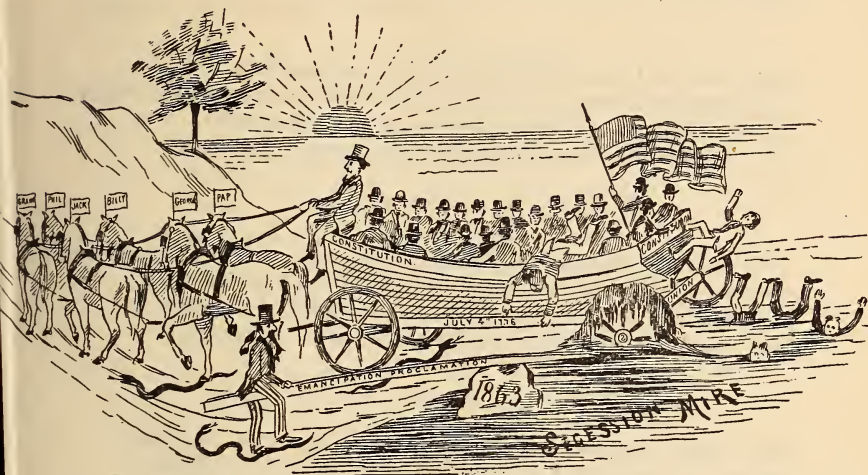
*See page 14.

Traitors aim their deadly missiles,
Monarchs frown across the main,
But the foe of human freedom
Aims and frowns and strikes in vain!

Yes! Our Flag is still advancing!
As yon radiant orb of day,
Mounting to its heavenly zenith,
Makes the shadows fade away.
So our Flag dispels oppression;
Lo! 'Tis Freedom's rising sun:
Earth's last fetter shall be broken,
E'er its radiant race is run.

Yes! Our Flag is still advancing!
How these words our bosoms thrill!
May our sons in coming ages,
Keep that Flag advancing still.
Till, o'er all this vast dominion,
Where the foot of man hath trod,
All shall bow 'neath Freedom's Banner,
All shall worship Freedom's God!

CHORUS:—Still advancing! O! We hail thee!
In thy grandeur ever wave!
Perish all who dare assail thee,
Grand old Banner of the Brave!



THE OLD UNION WAGON.*

Written the day before we marched on "Stone River." During which battle the *Emancipation Proclamation* went into effect.

BY JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER.

Air—"Wait for the Wagon."—Key of C.

1

In Uncle Sam's dominion, in eighteen sixty-one,
The fight between Secession and Union was begun;
The South declared they'd have the "rights" which Uncle Sam denied
Or in their Secesh Wagon they'd all take a ride.

CHORUS—Hurrah for the Wagon, the old Union Wagon!
We'll stick to our wagon and all take a ride.

2

The makers of our wagon were men of solid wit,
They made it out of "Charter Oak" that would not rot or *split*.
Its wheels are of material the strongest and the best,
And two are named the North and South, and two the East and West

3

Our wagon bed is strong enough for any "revolution,"
In fact, 'tis the "hull" of the "old Constitution;"
Her coupling's strong, her axle's long, and anywhere you get her,
No Monarch's frown can "back her down"—no Traitor can *upset* her.

*See page 14.

4

This good old Union Wagon, the nations all admired;
Her wheels had run for four score years and never once been "tired."
Her passengers were happy as long her way she whirled,
For the good old Union Wagon was the glory of the world!

5

But when old Abram took command, the South wheel got displeased
Because the "public fat" was gone that kept her axle *greased*;
And when he gathered up the reins and started on his route,
She plunged into secession and knocked some "fellers" out!

6

Now while in this secession mire the wheel was sticking tightly,
Some Tory passengers got mad and swore at Abra'm slightly;
But Abra'm "couldn't see it," so he didn't heed their clatter—
"There's *"too much black mud on the wheel,"* says he, "that's what's the
matter."

7

So Abra'm gave them notice that in eighteen sixty-three,
Unless the rebels "dried it up," h'ed make their slaves all free;
And then the man that led the van to fight against his nation,
Would drop his gun and home he'd run, to fight against starvation.

8

When Abra'm said he'd free the slaves that furnished their supplies,
It opened Northern traitors' *mouths* and Southern traitors' *eyes*.
"The slaves," said they, "will *run away* if you thus rashly free them!"
But Abra'm 'guessed, perhaps, they'd best go home and *oversee* them!"

9

Around our Union Wagon our loyal hosts stood fast,
And brought her through the struggle all safe and sound at last!
And of all the Generals high or low, that helped to save the nation,
There's none that struck a harder blow than General *Emancipation*!

WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA.

By CHAPLAIN LOZIER.

Air—"Red, White and Blue."

All hail to the heroes of Sherman!
The "Bonnie Blue Boys" of the West,
The pride and the boast of the Nation,
The truest and bravest and best.
Twas these who in triumph bore o'er them,
That gallant old flag of the free,
And drove all opposers before them,
When Sherman marched down to the Sea.

They came from the bench and the anvil,
The forest, the field and the shop;
And when they took aim at a Rebel,
Then something was certain to *drop*.
And theirs was the nerve that could lead them
Wherever their chief might decree;
And naught could withstand or impede them,
When Sherman marched down to the Sea.

All hail to the heroes of freedom
Who fought 'neath the Stripes and the Stars,
Ye all are the greatest of victors,
Who won in the greatest of wars.
But none has a future before him,
More freighted with honors than he,
Who fought with our flag floating o'er him,
When Sherman marched down to the Sea.



HAIL TO THE LEGIONS OF THE WEST.*

By CHAPLAIN LOZIER.

Hail to the Legions of the West!
A hundred crimson fields of glory,
For them proclaim that fadeless fame
That breathes in song and lives in story.
With iron will and dauntless breast,
They *strike* to save the land that bore them.
Hail to the Legions of the West,
Who bear that grand old banner o'er them!

Hands that have felled the forest oak
And torn the towering cliffs assunder;
Hands that the virgin soil have broke,
And made the sledge and anvil thunder;
These are the hands by Heaven blest,
That drove our vanquished foes before them.
Hail to the Legions of the West,
Who bear our grand old banner o'er them!

Since Sumpter's stars and stripes went down;
How dark the Nation's night of sorrow;
But, thanks to God, the night is gone,
And brighter, purer dawns the morrow.
Back to the South,—no more oppressed,—
They bare our banners to restore them.
Hail to the Legions of the West,
Who bear our grand old banner o'er them!

*See page 13.

OUR PROTEST AGAINST TOADYISM TO TRAITORS.

By MAJOR J. H. LOZIER.

Go stand within those *prison pens*,
Where our starved martyr's dust is lying.
Brave men, to whom the battle field
Had been a luxury in dying.
Go ask those wasted spectral forms,
Whence dread starvation drove their spirits;
Tho' voiceless, they with thundering tones,
Will tell the fate that that treason merits.

Go stand beside the *nameless graves*,
Strewn o'er a hundred fields of glory.
Speak to the heroes sleeping there
Coffined in garments stiff and gory.
And, though their tongue give back no sound,
To plead for vengeance on this treason,
Their blood, still "crying from the ground,"
Speaks louder in the ear of reason.

Go ask the *widow* o'er whose path
Hang shadows of untold sorrow;
What pinching poverty she hath!
How dark her bodings of the morrow!
Ask her, and fifty thousand more
Whose widow tears Jehovah measures,
Whose fondest hopes are crimsoned o'er,
And buried with their perished treasures.

Go ask the *orphan*, for whose weal
A father's dying prayer was spoken,
Mid callous hearts—too proud to feel,
A wanderer, homeless and heartbroken.
A youth without the fond caress
That gilds the after years with gladness;
An orphan's heart, whose loneliness
Is eloquent with silent sadness.

Go ask that *parent*, bending low,
 That stricken sire, that mourning mother;
 Theirs is a bitterness of woe,
 Known to their hearts, their God, no other.
 They gave their boy, they only know
 That somewhere his dead form is sleeping.
 Ask them what justice claims, and lo!
 You hear the answer in their weeping!

Go ask that *maimed* and shattered brave,
 Thy spirit bowing low before him;
 Part of his body fills the grave,
 He gave *that* for the land that bore him,
 In every scar there seems a tongue,
 Whose plaintive pleadings none can number;
 Crying, "How long, O Lord! how long
 Shall justice blush and vengeance slumber?"

Go ask that half a million men
 Who drove that traitorous horde before *them*,
 Who stormed their citidels, and then
 Planted their grand old banner o'er them!
 Ask them, and heed their answer well,
 "Give treason less of exaltation!"
 Or whispered mutterings may swell
 To *thunders* that shall shake the nation.

Trust not this government to hands,
 That yesterday had gladly slain thee!
 But trust it to those loyal bands,
 Whose lives were periled to sustain thee!
 Care for those *stricken ones*, who weep,
 Not for the *fiends* who caused their weeping!
 Honor the graves where *patriots* sleep,
 Who but for treason were not sleeping!



THE NAMELESS GRAVES WHERE OUR COMRADES
LIE.*

By CHAPLAIN LOZIER.

Hark! Hear ye not that plaintive tone,
That comes like the ocean's dying moan?
'Tis the ling'ring strain which the angels play,
O'er the graves where the nation's heroes lay.

Comrades we loved in life's fresh bloom,
Have been laid to rest in the warrior's tomb,
The silver cord has been rent in twain,
And the angels have gathered them "Home Again."

Sad are our hearts, for their lights are fled,
And their treasures sleep with the nation's dead;
But Faith stoops low on its radiant wing,
And bids us Hark! while the angels sing!

From the field of strife where the patriot dies,
There's a shining pathway that mounts the skies;
And the tongue that shouts our hosts along,
May swell the note of the angels' song.

Let us love them still, for although we part,
There's a ray of hope for the saddest heart;
'Tis the hope that when life's last march is o'er,
We shall camp where comrades part no more.

CHORUS—Sweet be their rest, calm their repose,
Safe from the reach of mortal woes;
For we know that death is a transient pain,
If beyond the River we meet again.

*See page 14.

WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT HERE ON THE OLD UNION LINE.*

[Written by Chaplain Lozier for the National Republican Convention that first nominated General Grant for President, and sung by him from the platform, immediately after the General was nominated, assisted by George F. Root, Chaplain C. C. McCabe and Major Frank Lumbard].

We'll rally again to the standard we bore
Over battle-fields crimson and gory;
Shouting, "Hail to the Chief who in Freedom's fierce war,
Hath covered that Banner with glory!"

CHORUS—Then rally again! Then rally again!
With the soldier and sailor and "*bummer*;"
And we'll fight it out here on the old Union line,
No odds if "it takes us all summer!"

We'll rally again by the side of the men
Who breasted the conflict's fierce rattle;
And they'll find us still true who were true to them then,
And bade them "God speed" in the battle.

We'll rally again! and that Flag of the Free.
Shall *stay* where our heroes have placed it,
And ne'er shall they govern on land or on sea
Whose treason hath spurned and disgraced it.

We'll rally again and our motto shall be,—
—Whatever the nation that bore us;—
God bless that old Banner, the Flag of the Free,
And all who would live with it o'er us!

*See page 13.

BLUE COAT AND MISS DIXIE.

A rhymed interview, such as you and I have had with Secesh Women. Introducing some of their peculiar words and ways.

By the "FIGHTING CHAPLAIN."

- 1—A jolly young Blue Coat was walking his "beat,"
When lo! a fair damsel came sailing down street.
The sight was so rare to the soldier boy's eye
That he came to a "front" till the lady passed by.
- 2—The Star Spangled Banner hung out o'er the street,
And as she glanced upward she happened to see't,
Then stopped, her "Secesh" maledictions to utter,
And just to get 'round it, *walked out in the gutter.*
- 3—Said she, "how I hate that detestable rag!
I swan, hit can't whip our Confederit flag;
We'll soon drive you *Lincoln Dogs* off from our doors,
And then *take your banners to mop up our floors.*"
- 4—So struck was the "Yank" with her dazzling charms
He felt half inclined to present her his arms,
When lo! she approached him with elegant grace
And gently attempted to *spit in his face!*
- 5—It happened just then that he bowed very low,
A mark of respect to the lady, you know;
And so the mild missile her sweet lips had sped,
As good luck would have it, went over his head!

6—Said he, “gentle maiden, thy form so divine,
Reminds me so much of a sweetheart of mine;
She lives far away in the Land of the Free,
And she likes all the ‘Blue Coats,’ and specially *me*.”

7—Said she, “Northern women is hideous jades!
A passel of ignorant *strappin milkmaids*,
While *weuns* is *culchered* and *larnt*, and refined, too,
And we *toat* all the money that *weuns* is *mind to*.”

8—We Southerners is the superior race,
And only was teaching you Yankees your place;
When *you alls* got mad and our country infested,
While *we alls* never had none of *you alls* *milested*.”

9—“Fair lady, you say that our women are fools,
And yet they have always been teaching your schools!
If fools make best teachers, it strikes me as queer
That you should send North when you’ve so many here.”

10—“You impudent Yankee! You mudsill! You brute ye!
If I had a pistol, I’d take *hit* and shoot ye!
You’ve *pestered* me now till I’m likin’ to faint,
But that would please *you ens* too well, so I *shaint!*”

11—“Fair damsel, I’m going! Here comes the Relief,
But these are my views of your ‘ladies’ in brief:
Your ‘colors’ are false, like piratical skippers!
In looks you’re all ‘Ducks,’ but in snuff you’re all ‘Dippers.’”

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.
In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.
“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
 To life at that woman's deed and word.
 "Who touches a hair of yon gray head
 Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.
 All day long through Frederick street
 Sounded the tread of marching feet;
 All day long that free flag tossed
 Over the heads of the rebel host.
 Ever its torn folds rose and fell
 On the loyal winds that loved it well;
 And through the hill-gaps sunset light
 Shone over it with a warm good-night.
 Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
 And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
 Honor to her! and let a tear
 Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
 Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
 Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!
 Peace and order and beauty draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law;
 And ever the stars above look down
 On thy stars below in Frederick town.



THE DUTCH BARBARA FRITCHIE.

Id vas droo der streeds of Fridrieksdown,
 Der red hot zun he vas shine him down.
 Bast der zaloons all fild mit beer,
 Der rebel vellers walkt on deir ear.
 All day droo Fridrieksdown zo fast,
 Horses, und guns, und zogers bast.

Der rebel flag! he shone him oud so bridt
As if, by Jinks, he got some ridt!

Vere vas dat Onion Flag? Der zun
He shone him down not on a von!

Up jumped dot olt Miss Fritchie den,
Zo olt by nine score years und ten.

She grabbed up der flag der rebels haul down
Und fasen it quick py dot nidt-gown.

Den she sat py der vinder, ver all could see,
Der vas *von* vat lofe dot flag so free!

Pertty soon cum riden up Stonewall Jack,
Sitten py der middle of his horse's back.

Under him brow he squint him eyes:
Dot Flag! Dot make him great surprise!

"Halt!" Every veller make him sdill;
"Fire!" Vas echoed from hill to hill.

I'd bursted der strings from dot nidt-gown,
But Barbara Fritchie she was aount!

She grabbed up der flag again so quick
Und oud of her vinder her arms did sdick

"Obuse ef you would dis olt balt head,
But leave alone dot flag," she said.

Zo soon zo quick as Jack could do
He holler him out mit his face so blue;

"Halt! Don'd you fire anunder gun!
You quits, py jeminy, efery von!"

"Who bull a hair oud of dot balt head,
Dies awful quick! Go aheat!" he said.

Und all dot day, und all dot nidt,
Till efery rebel vas oud of sight,

Und leaf behindt him dot Fridricksdown,
Dot flag! He vas stickin py dot nidt-gown!

Dame Barbara Fritchie's vork is done,
She vas vone vooman as don'd would run!

Bully for her! Und drop a tear
For dot olt vooman mitoud some fear.

I vould drink her heldt mit zwi glass beer,
If I don'd vas afraid I can't got some here.



"Come here, you inquisitive rascal."

THE FRONTIER VETERAN TO HIS GRANDSON.

[This song was written at the home of "Corporal Tanner," New York City, and is published here by written permission of the author.]

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

I.

Hold on! hold on! My goodness, you take my breath, my son,
 A firin' questions at me like shot from a Gatlin' gun.
 Why do I wear this eagle, an' flag, an' brazen star?
 An' why do my old eyes glisten when somebody mentions war?
 An' why do I call men comrades? and why do my eyes grow bright,
 When you hear me tell your grandma, "I'm going to Post to-night?"
Come here, you inquisitive rascal! and sit on your grandpa's knee,
 An' I'll try an' answer the broadsides you've been firin' at me.

II.

Away back in the sixties, an' long before you were born,
 The news came flashin' to us one bright an' sunny morn,
 That some of our southern neighbors, a thinkin', no doubt, 'twas right,
 Had trained their guns on our banner, an' opened a nasty fight.
 The great big guns war' a boomin', an' the shot flyin' thick an' fast,
 An' troops all over the southland war' rapidly bein' massed,
 When a *thrill* went through the Nation, a fear that our glorious land
 Might be split an' divided an' ruined by a Southern traitor band.

III.

Whew! but warn't there excitement, an' didn't the boys' eyes flash,
 An' didn't we curse them rebels fur bein' so foolish an' rash?
 And didn't we raise the neighbors with loud an' continued cheers,
 When Old Abe sent out a docyment a callin' for volunteers!
 An' didn't we rush to the school house, where the people was axt to
 meet?
 An' didn't we flock to the colors, when the drums began to beat?
 An' didn't the people cheer us when we got aboard the cars,
 With the flag a wavin' o'er us, an' went away to the wars?

IV.

I'll never forgit your grandma, as she stood outside o' the train,
 Her face as white as a snowdrift, her tears a fallin' like rain—
 She stood there quiet an' deathlike, amid all the rush an' noise—
 Fur the war was a takin' from her, her husband and three brave boys,
 Bill, Charley an' little Tommy—just turned eighteen, but as true
 An' gallant a little soldier as ever wore the blue—
 It seemed almost like murder for to tear her poor heart so,
 But your grandpa *couldn't* stay, baby, and the boys war' determined
 to go.

V.

The evenin' afore we started, she called the boys to her side,
 An' told 'em as how they war' alwys their mother' joy an' pride,
 An' though her soul was in torture, an' her poor heart bleedin' an'
 sore,
 An' though she needed her darlin's, their country needed them more,
 An' she told them to be as lovin' and kind as they were at home,
 An' told 'em to do their duty, where'er their feet might roam,
 An' if (an' the tears nigh choked her) they fell in front o' the foe,
 She'd go to her blessed Saviour an' ax Him to lighten the blow.

VI.

Bill lays an' awaits the summons 'neath Spottsylvania's sod,
 An' on the field of Antietam Charlie's spirit went back to God,
 An' Tommy, our baby Tommy, we buried one starlight night,
 Along with his fallen comrades, just after the Wilderness fight—
 The lightnin' struck our family tree, an' stripped it of every limb,
 A leavin' only this bare old trunk a standin' alone an' grim!
 My boy, that's why your grandma, when you kneel to the God you
 love,
 Makes you ax Him to watch your uncles, an' make 'em happy above.

VII.

That's why you sometimes see her with tear drops in her eyes—
 That's why you sometimes catch her a tryin' to hide her sighs—
 That's why at our great reunions she looks so solemn an' sad—
 That's why her heart seems a breakin' when the boys seem jolly an'
 glad;

That's why you sometimes find her in the bedroom overhead,
 Down on her knees a prayin', with their pictures on the bed;
 That's why the old-time brightness will light up her face no more
 Till she meets her hero warriors in the camp on the other shore.

VIII.

Well! when the great war was over, back came the veterans true,
 With not one star amissin' from that azure field of blue;
 An' the boys, who in the battle had stood the fiery test,
 Formed Posts of the great Grand Army in the north, south, east and
 west.

Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty, is the motto 'neath which they train—
 Their object to care for the helpless, an' banish sorrow an' pain
 From the homes o' the widows an' orphans o' the boys who have gone
 before

To answer their names at roll call, in that Great Grand Army Corps.

IX.

An' that's why we wear these badges,—the eagle an' flag an' star,
 Worn only by veteran heroes who fought in that bloody war.
 An' that's why my ol' eyes glisten when talkin' about the fray,
 An' that's why these gray old veterans keep clingin' together to-day,
 An' that's why I tell your grandma, "I'm goin' to Post to-night;"
 For there's where I meet the ol' boys who stood with me in the fight,
 An', my child, that's why I've taught you to love an' revere the men
 Who come here a wearin' badges, to fight those battles again.

X.

For they are the gallant heroes, who stood 'mid the shot an' shell,
 An' follered the flyin' colors right into the mouth of—well!
 They are the men whose valor saved the land from disgrace an' shame
 An' lifted her back in triumph to her perch on the dome of fame;
 An' as long as you live, my darlin', till your lips in death are mute,
 When you see that badge on a bosom, take off your hat an' salule;
 An' if any ol' vet should halt you, an' question you why you do,
 Just tell him you've got a *right* to, for your granddad's a comrade too!

GLORY! GLORY! HALLELUJAH!

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave.
 His soul is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah;
 Glory, glory, hallelujah;
 Glory, glory, hallelujah;
 His soul is marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 On the grave of old John Brown.—CHORUS.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
 His soul is marching on.—CHORUS.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 His soul is marching on.—CHORUS.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 And they'll go marching on.—CHORUS.

We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
 We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
 Old Andy didn't do it, but still it ought to be,
 As we go marching on.—CHORUS.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE,—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
 The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thundered along the horizon's bar;
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold,
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
 A good, broad highway leading down;
 And there through the flush of the morning light,
 A steed as black as the steeds of night,
 Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.
 As if he knew the terrible need,
 He stretched away with his utmost speed;
 Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
 The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
 Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
 The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
 Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
 Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
 Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind
 Like an ocean flying before the wind,
 And the steed, like bark fed with furnace ire,
 Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
 But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
 What was done,—what to do,—a glance told him both,
 And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
 He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
 The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
 With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
 By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to say,
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the way,
 From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
 Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on high,
 Under the dome of the Union sky,—
 The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,

There with the glorious General's name
 Be it said in letters both bold and bright
 "Here is the steed that saved the day
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester,—twenty miles away!"

SHAKE SHNYDER'S RIDE.

Dot vas een der repellion, away down sout
 Und der pattle von Vinchester vos youst broke out,
 'Tvas a leedle before daylighd, und dere on der grount,
 Shkattered about here und dere, vas der troops shleeping sount
 Und der roosders vas growing een der henkoops around,
 Ven all ov a suddenly somedings vas der matter.
 Aboud tain tousand cannons all gommenced to klatter,
 Und dot shkared all der boys, und dey gommenced to shkatter.

Shake Shuyder vas dere; he vas a raw regruit,
 Und so gwick vhen he heard der cannon shoot
 He dought it vas better vor heem to shkoot.
 So an olt gray hoss stood near by een der vagon track,
 Und Shake bicked ub a shtick und hees olt knap-sack,
 Und een youst one shoomp he vas on hees back,
 Und he shtruck dot old horse a vearful krack,
 Und he yelled mit all hees might, "You git,"
 Und avay he vent down der road lickerty shplit.

Py Jinks! right avay der olt hoßs shtruck hees gait,
 Mit his head und his tail both shticken out sdraight;
 But dot vasnt all, now hold on, you youst vait!
 'Tvas youst five o'clock ven he shdarted dot day,
 Und in tain minutes by der vatch Shake vas five milse avay.
 Der road vas ruff und covered mit shtone,
 But der olt gray hoss kept right on goin.
 Ov course, vonce een a while he would let out a groan,
 Vor dots drue, he vas notting but skin und bone.
 But avay he vent, mitout bridle or saddle,
 Und venefer he heard der sound ov der battle,
 He vould git up and git, und hees olt hoofs vould rattle,
 Vile Shake hung to hees back und made heem shkedaddle,
 Und at dwenty minutes past five, by der tick ov der vatch,
 Shake was tain milse avay, by Shiminy Krotch!

Py Grashus! dot vos a vearful ride;
 But still Shake didnt vas satisfied,
 He wanted to git funder avay vrom dot fighd.
 So avay he vent down der roat, flying pell-mell,
 Und he hurried up der hoss, vor he knowed very vell
 Vrom der vay dot der rebels vas firing der shell,
 Ov he didn't shkedaddle he'd git shot, sure as——vell,

You know how 'tvas yourseluf, een a case like dot,
 Ven der rebels vas chasin you pooty blamed hot,
 Und you had to run like a sonovagun, By—Scott!
 Oxspectin aifry minute to git your back full of shot.
 Vell, dot vas der case mit Shake; 'tvas hees only salvation:
 So he made dot hoss go like—all creation.
 Und at half-past five by der sun dot day,
 Shake Shyder vas fifdeen milse away.

Und shdill on dey vent, raisin der dust,
 Und aifry time dot a shell vood busht
 'Tvas hard to tell vitch vas shkared der vurst.
 Und Shake vas afraid on anudder account,
 For he veighed two hunnerd und forty pount,
 Und der vay der olt hoss got over der grount,
 He dought aifry minute 'twould come to pass
 Dot der olt hoss vould shtop und let heem go to grass.
 But he vas meesdaken; away dey vent down der road,
 As if der tyful vas afder dem boad.
 Und at twenty minutes ov six, youst oxaactly to a tick,
 Shake vas dwenty milse away—vasnt dot pooty gwick?

Py Shemeny! dot olt hoss vas a buster to travel,
 Und dot morning Shake made der olt vellar shkratch gravel;
 Und Shnyder kept time ven der hosses feet come up,
 Und he'd say, keep-it-up, keep-it-up, keep-it-up.
 Und likewise dat hoss had lots of backbone—
 You could tell dot vas so by der vay Shake vould groan.
 But he vas bound to hang on ov it shplit heem in two,
 So he hung like dem "kraybacks"—vell, vot else could he do?
 Till at last der olt hoss begun to look pale,
 Und der sweat run in shtreams off der end of hees tail.

So Shake dought by dese time it must be six, ainyhow,
 Und he says to himself, I vas safe enough now.
 So he shtopped and turned round, and what do you shpose?
 He give der rebels der pass-word from der end of hees nose!
 Und den he laffed at der rebels, vot vas left in de rear,
 Vor he vas more as *dwenty-five* miles away from dere!

So den hurrah for Shake Snyder, und dree cheers vor dot hoss,
 Vor dots no use dalkin, dot olt gray vas boss.

Talk bout Sheridan's nag—vy, between you und me,
 Der olt gray vould beat heem five dimes out ov dree.

So den let us cheer heem dhree times good und lout;
 Already, now, Hu—vy, vats der matter mit your mout?
 Oh, you can aiferyvone laff: dots all very vell,
 But of you vas een Shnyder's place, how you vould yell.

Vy, here's Mr. Schmidt on der platform to-night;
 He vas a goot soldier ov course, dots all right;
 But he got schkart at a rebel een dot wery same fight,
 Und he got up und shkedaddled mid all of hees might,
 Und een less' in tain minutes he vas glear out of sight!

Vell, ven such men got schkart, you o'pect Shake to keep cool?
 Ov you do, you must dink he's a blasted olt fool.

Ov course, Shake got schkart, und run away from dot strife;
 But he couldn't do ainy different to safe hees life.

Besides, it vas safer—und vell did he know,
 A live Dutchman vas better den a dead hero.

THE COWARD.

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS, MASON, ILLS.

Dave was a coward! and everyone
 Knew it, and Lord! how we went for him,
 And made him the butt of our brutal fun,
 Till his face would blanch and his blue eyes brim
 Into pools of tears!—but he murmured not,—
 He would just skulk off to his tent and sit
 Hour after hour in the self-same spot,
 With his elbow crook'd and his face in it.
 There was something about that same boy Dave—
 Something we never could understand;
 He came to the war on the first wild wave
 That billowed the blue-caps over the land.
 He was an orphan, and whether he had
 Brother or sister we never knew,—
 Nor whence he came to us,—he was a lad
 That was hard to fathom, and talked with few.
 Somehow it seemed that he was not brave
 Like the rest of the boys, but he kept his place
 In the long and perilous march, poor Dave,
 With a hushed resolve and a patient face.
 He asked no favors, he made no sign
 Of the pangs that pierced his pride like a dart,—
 And never a man in the whole proud line
 Had a cleaner soul or a kinder heart.
 But Dave was a coward! and that was enough
 In the army, to damn the saintliest soul;
 'Twas a day for the sternest and sturdiest stuff,
 For steel-strung nerves and for self-control;
 We had small time for sentiment, then;
 Small time to squander on childish fears,—
 A man had to stand like a man, with men,
 Full fronting the havoc of those dark years.

I think it is true in the lives of some
 That the tide turns late, and the pluck they boast
 Falters, and those to the front will come
 Who were counted the weakest and scorned the most;
 Two silences bide in the breast of youth,
 And one is the silence of fear,—and one
 Is the golden, God-like silence of truth
 That a braggart even is bound to shun.

Did I say Dave was a coward?—Well,
 It looked that way for a while, but when
 We saw him flash thro' the breath of hell
 At Stone River, laughing among the men,—
 When we caught the gleam of his yellow hair
 Thro' the battery smoke, and heard his voice
 Ring out thro' the roar of the carnage there,
 With the troops of Turchin from Illinois;—

When we saw, like a star, his pale face shine
 Thro' the leaping flames, as we passed the mouth
 Of the blazing guns, in a broken line,
 Whirling and hurling the Gray-coats South,—
 When we saw, God help us! his boyish form
 Battling apart from the rest, half hid
 By the blinding smoke, and the bursting storm,
 Where the dead were piled in a pyramid;

When we saw, in the front of the awful fray,
 The bravest reel, and the old flag fall,
 Clutched in the hand of a lad that lay
 Riddled with shot, and beyond them all,—
 When we saw at the close of that fearful fight,
 Two blue eyes and a shock of curls,
 Clotted with blood, and a face all white
 And calm, in death, as a sleeping girl's;—

We turned away,—and we spoke no word;
 We turned, with a feeling of shame o'er-powered;
 And we noticed that each man's eyes were blurred,
 As they fell on the face or that fallen coward:—
 I tell you the army was full of men
 Like Dave, who, timid and half afraid,
 Patiently bided their time, and then
 Died, like Christs, on the barricade.

SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

BY HENRY C. WORK.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen!
 Fling to the winds your needless fears!
 He who unfurl'd your beauteous banner,
 Says it shall wave a thousand years!

CHORUS.

"A thousand years!" my own Columbia!
 'Tis the glad day so long foretold!
 'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight
 Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds, one little moment,
 Hide the blue sky where morn appears—
 When the bright sun, that tints them crimson,
 Rises to shine a thousand years!—CHORUS.

Tell the great world these blessed tidings!
 Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;
 Tell the oppress'd of ev'ry nation,
 Jubilee lasts a thousand years!—CHORUS.

Envious foes, beyond the ocean!
 Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;
 Little will they—our children's children—
 When you are gone a thousand years.—CHORUS.

Rebels at home! go hide your faces—
 Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;
 You could not bind the blessed daylight,
 Though you should strive a thousand years!—CHORUS.

Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!
 Down to your own degraded spheres!
 Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
 Shortens your lives a thousand years.—CHORUS.

Haste thee along, thou glorious Noonday!
 Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!
 Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons
 Each of His days a thousand years!—CHORUS.

THE SOLDIER TRAMP.

Scene—A City Police Court.

“Yer honor, I pleads guilty; I’m a bummer;
 I don’t deny the cop here found me drunk;
 I don’t deny that through the whole, long summer,
 The sun warmed earth has been my only bunk.
 I hain’t been able fur to earn a livin’;
 A man with one leg planted in the tomb
 Can’t git a job—an’ I’ve a strong misgivin’
 ’Bout bein’ cooped up in a Soldiers’ Home.

“‘Whar did I lose my leg?’ At Spottsylvania—
 Perhaps you’ve read about the bloody fight—
 But then I guess the story won’t restrain you
 From doin’ what the law sets down as right.
 I’m not a vag through choice, but through misfortune,
 An’ as fur drink—well, all men have there faults;
 An’, judge, I guess I’ve had my lawful portion
 O’ rough experiences in prison vaults.

“I served as a private in the Tenth New Jersey,
 An’ all the boys’ll say I done what’s right;
 Thar ain’t a man kin say that Abram Bursey
 War ever found a-shirkin’ in a fight.
 Right in the hell-born, frightful roar o’ battle,
 Whar shot an’ shell shrieked thro’ the darksome wood,
 And where the minnie balls like hail did rattle,
 You’d always find me doin’ the best I could.

“We had a brave ol’ feller for a Colonel—
 We called him Sweetie, but his name was Sweet—
 Why, judge; I swar it, by the Great Eternal!
 That brave ol’ chap’d rather fight than eat.
 An’ you could allus bet your bottom dollar
 In battle, Sweetie ’d never hunt a tree;
 He’d allus push into the front an’ holler:
 ‘Brace up, my gallant boys, an’ follow me!’

“Well, jest afore the Spottsylvania battle,
 Ol’ Sweetie cum to me an’ says, says he:
 ‘I tell you Abe; ’taint many things ’ll rattle
 A tough old, weather-beaten chap like me;
 But in my very soul I’ve got a feelin’
 That I’m goin’ to get a dose to-day,
 An’ ’taint no use fur me to be concealin’
 The skittish thoughts that in my bosom play.

“Fur many years you’ve been my neighbor, Bursey,
 An’ I hev allus found you squar and true—
 Back in our little town in old New Jersey
 No one has got a better name than you.

An' now I want yer promise, squar'ly given,
 That if our cause to-day demands my life,
 An' you yourself are left among the livin',
 You'll take me back an' lay me by my wife."

"Well, judge, that day, amidst the most infernal
 An' desp'rate bloody fight I ever seed,
 'Way up in front I saw the brave ol' Colonel
 Throw up his hands and tumble off his steed.
 In half a minute I was bending o'er him,
 An' seein' that he wasn't killed outright,
 I loaded him up on my back an' bore him
 Some little distance back out o' the fight.

"The blood from out a ghastly wound was flowin',
 An' so I snatched the shirt from off my back,
 For I could see the brave ol' chap war goin'
 To die, unless I held the red tide back.
 An' purty soon I seed he was revivin',
 An' heard him whisper: 'Abe, you've saved my life,
 Your ol' wool shirt, along with your connivin',
 Has kept me from that grave beside my wife.'

"Well, judge, while I stood thar beside him, schemin'
 On how to get him in a doctor's care,
 A ten-pound shell, toward us come a screamin'
 Just like a ravin' demon in the air.
 An' w'en it passed, I found myself a lyin'
 Across ol' Sweety's body, an' I see
 That 'tarnal shell, that by us went a flyin'
 Had tuk my leg along fur company.

"Well, judge, that's all; 'cept when the war was over,
 I found myself a cripple, an' since then
 I've been a sort o' shiftless, worthless royer,
 But jest as honest as the most o' men.
 I never stole a dime from livin' mortal,
 Nor ever harmed a woman, child or man—
 I've simply been a bum, and hope the court'll
 Be jest as easy on me as it can.

Then spake the judge: "Such helpless, worthless creatures
 Should never be allowed to bum and beg;
 Your case, 'tis true, has some redeeming features,
 For in your country's cause you lost a leg.
 And yet I feel the world needs an example
 To check the tendency of men to roam;
 The sentence is, That all your life—your camp'll
 Be in the best room in my humble home."

The soldier stared! Dumb! Silent as a statue!
 Then, in a voice of trembling pathos, said:
 "Judge, turn your head, and give me one look at you—
 That voice is like an echo from the dead."
 Then forward limped he, grimy hand extended,
 While tears adown his sun-brown cheeks did roll,
 And said, with slang and pathos strangely blended:
 "Why, Colonel Sweetey, bless your brave ol' soul."
 —*Dan Santiago Caroune.*

THE CRUTCH IN THE CORNER.

[Written just after the war by John McIntosh—"Old Vermont"].

"Why, Billy, your room is as cold as the hut
 We had by the swamp and river,
 Where we lost our Major, and Tim, you know
 And sixty more with the fever."
 "Well, Tom, old fellow, it's hard enough,
 But the best at times knock under;
 There's ne'er a stick of wood in the house
 But that crutch in the corner yonder!
 "Sorry I listed? Don't ask me that, Tom;
 If the flag was again in danger,
 I'd aim the gun with an aching stump
 At the foe, were he brother or stranger.
 But, I say, ought a wound from a shot or shell,
 Or a pistol bullet, by thunder!
 Forever doom a poor fellow to want,
 With that crutch in the corner yonder?
 "That crutch, old comrade, ought ever to be
 A draft at sight on the Nation,
 For honor, respect, and a friendly hand,
 For clothing, and quarters, and rations!
 My wife—she begs at the Nugget House,
 Where the bigbugs live in splendor,
 And brag o'er the wine, of the fights that brought
 Such as that in the corner yonder!
 "And Charlie—he goes to some place up town
 Some ticket-for-soup arrangement;
 All well enough for a hungry boy,
 But, Tom, its effect is estrangement;
 I'd sooner have kicked the bucket twice o'er,
 By a shell or a round ten-pounder,
 Than live such a life as I'm doing now,
 With that crutch in the corner yonder.

"There's ne'er a thing left to pawn or to sell,
 And the winter has closed on labor;
 This medal is all that is left me now,
 With my pistols and trusty saber;
 And those, by the sunlight above us, Tom,
 No power from my trust shall sunder,
 Save the One that releases me at last
 From that crutch in the corner yonder.

"I can raise this arm that is left to me
 To the blessed heaven above us,
 And swear by the throne of the Father there,
 And the angels all, who love us,
 That the hand I lost and the hand I have
 Were never yet stained by plunder,
 And, for love of the dear old flag, I now
 Use that crutch in the corner yonder.

"Do I ask too much when I say we boys
 Who fought for the Nation's glory,
 Now that the danger is past and gone,
 In comfort should tell our story?
 How would we have fought when the mad shells screamed
 And shivered our ranks, I wonder,
 Had we known our lot would have been to beg,
 With that crutch in the corner yonder?

"There's little we hear of nowadays
 But pardon and reconstruction,
 While the soldier who fought and bled for both
 Is left to his own destruction.
 'Twould be well, I think, in these nipping times,
 For those Congress fellows to ponder,
 And think of us boys who use such things
 As that crutch in the corner yonder."

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

BY FRANCIS H. KEY.

Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming!
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

CHORUS.

Oh say, does the star spangled banner yet wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream.

CHORUS.

'Tis the Star Spangled Banner! O long may it wave,
 O'er the land, etc., etc.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hirelings and slave,
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

CHORUS.

And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave,
 O'er the land, etc., etc.

Oh thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation,
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

CHORUS.

And the Star Spangled Banner forever shall wave
 O'er the land, etc., etc.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

KEY OF A.

He lay upon his dying bed,
 His eye was growing dim,
 When with a feeble voice he called
 His weeping son to him:
 "Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
 "I bow to Heaven's high will,
 But quickly from yon antlers bring
 The sword of Bunker Hill." } REPEAT.

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
 Lit with a sudden flame;
 And as he grasp'd the ancient blade,
 He murmur'd Warren's name;

Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
 But what is richer still,
 I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
 The sword of Bunker Hill." } REPEAT.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
 I dared the Briton's band,
 A captain raised this blade on me,
 I tore it from his hand;
 And while the glorious battle raged,
 It lighten'd Freedom's will,
 For, boy, the God of Freedom bless'd
 The sword of Bunker Hill." } REPEAT.

'Oh! keep the sword,"—his accents broke,
 A smile and he was dead;
 But his wrinkled hand still grasp'd the blade,
 Upon that dying bed.
 The son remains, the sword remains,
 Its glory growing still,
 And sixty millions bless'd the sire
 And sword of Bunker Hill. } REPEAT.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

OR RED, WHITE AND BLUE—KEY OF G.

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 A World offers homage to thee.
 The mandates make heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view;
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white and blue.

CHORUS—When borne by the red, white and blue,
 When borne by the red, white and blue,
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
 And threatened the land to deform,
 The ark then of freedom's foundation,—
 Columbia—rode safe through the storm;
 With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
 When so proudly she bore her brave crew.
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the red, white and blue.—CHORUS.

That banner, that banner, bring hither,
 Tho' rebels and traitors look grim;
 May the wreaths it has won never wither,
 Nor the stars of its glory grow dim!
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 But they to their colors prove true!
 The Army and Navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.—CHORUS.

THE LOYAL "DIXIE."

[Written in 1865, to be sung in lieu of the Rebel "Dixie" which, just at that time, was supposed to be pretty badly "played"].

BY "JARGO NETHLIZ."

When Jeff's rebellion first begun
 The rebels thought 'twould just be "fun"
 And "play" to slay our loyal Union band.
 And just to cheer their boys along
 They used to sing that little song
 Called "Away, away, away in "Dixie's Land."

CHORUS—But now the people do demand
 "Ropes!" "Ropes!"
 To hang the leaders of this band
 And make all traitors understand
 That they must pay "*the penalty of treason.*"

At first we tried with all our might
 To compromise, and save a fight,
 But they said "Nay, your offers we decline,"
 So when no other course would save us,
 We gave them a thrashing, and caught Jeff Davis
 Hid away, away, beneath a "*crinoline.*"

CHORUS—And now the people do demand, &c.

And now the soldiers want to know
 Will Uncle Sam let traitors go
 Away, away, unpunished for this crime?
 If *we* were "bossing" these affairs
 We'd counsel them to *say their prayers*
 Right away, right away, or they might be short of time.

CHORUS—For now the people, &c.

THE ARMY BEAN, No. 1.

Air.—"Sweet By and By."

There's a spot that the soldiers all love,
 The mess-tent is the place that we mean;
 And the dish that we like to see there,
 Is the old-fashioned, white Army bean.

CHORUS—'Tis the bean that we mean,
 And we'll eat as we ne'r ate before;
 The Army bean, nice and clean;
 We will stick to our beans evermore.

Now the bean in its primitive state,
 Is a plant we have all often met;
 And when cooked in the old army-style,
 It has charms we can never forget.—CHORUS.

The German is fond of saur kraut,
 The potato is loved by the Mick;
 But the soldiers have long since found out,
 That thro' life to our beans we should stick.—CHORUS.

REFRAIN—Air—"Tell Aunt Rhoda."

Beans for breakfast,
 Beans for dinner,
 Beans for supper,
 Beans! Beans!! Beans!!!



ODES OF THE G. A. R.

AULD LANG SYNE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days of auld lang syne?

We twa hae run about the braes
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd many a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We too hae paddled i' the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
 And gie 's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right gude willie waught
 For auld lang syne.

And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

CHARITY.

Air—Nettleton—"Come Thou Fount."

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
 Chief among the "blessed three,"
 Turning sadness into gladness,
 Heaven-born art thou, Charity!
 Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
 Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
 Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
 Judgment hath in thee no part.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
 Chief among the "blessed three,"
 Turning sadness into gladness,
 Heaven-born art thou, Charity!
 Hoping ever, failing never,
 Though deceived, believing still;
 Long abiding, all confiding
 To thy heavenly Father's will.

Never weary of well-doing,
 Never fearful of the end;
 Claiming all mankind as brothers,
 Thou dost all alike befriend.
 Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
 Chief among the "blessed three,"
 Turning sadness into gladness,
 Heaven-born art thou, Charity!

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing!
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From ev'ry mountain-side
 Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills:
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing.
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

THE G. A. R. AND W. R. C. "RELIEF SONG."

THE COTTAGE OF THE DEAR ONES LEFT AT HOME.*

[Dedicated to the memory of Gov. O. P. Morton, "War Governor" of Indiana, by
 Major J. H. Lozier, of his Official Staff.]

I have oft been standing where our boys were marching
 Along their hot and dusty road;
 While, with thirst and with fever their pale lips were parching,
 And their proud forms trembled 'neath their load.
 But though they were feeble and foot sore and weary,
 They still marched steadily along;
 And their spirits were light and their voices were merry,
 As they marched to the music of their song.

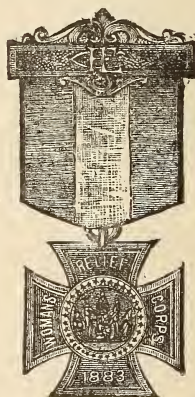
*See page 14.

CHORUS.

O, while the loved ones weep for those who lowly sleep
 Within the soldiers' honored tomb,
 Let want fall lightly, and the fire burn brightly,
 In the cottage of the dear ones left at home.

I have stood on the field where the red tide of battle,
 Was wildly dashing to and fro;
 And the death-dealing cannon and fierce muskets' rattle
 Was laying many heroes low.
 But the soldier stood firm to the duty before him,
 Nor heeded the cannon's deadly boom;
 But he thought of the Being who still hovered o'er him,
 And the cottage of the dear ones left at home.

I have stood by the cot where the soldier was lying,
 And oft times closed his dying eyes;
 And it is not the grave, nor the terror of dying,
 That troubles the soldier when he dies.
 But he fears that the world, in its chase after pleasures,
 Will not stop to look upon life's gloom;
 And that none but the Master will care for his treasures
 In the cottage of the dear ones left at home.



ODES OF THE W. R. C.

OPENING ODE.

Air—"Keller's American Hymn."

Bright o'er our country the sunshine of Peace
 Smiles where the war-cloud long darkened the air—

Long may it smile o'er a prosperous land—
While we assemble our brothers to aid,
And in their labors of charity share!

REPEAT—Long may it smile, etc.

Cold now are firesides, with love once aglow,
Cold are brave hearts that for us nobly fought!
Loved ones they left, 'tis our task now to cheer,
Help we the helpless in sorrow who bow,
Comfort we bring where was misery brought!

REPEAT—Loved ones they left, etc.

Land that we love best, dear land of our birth!
Land twice redeemed by the blood of the brave,—
God in his wisdom protect thee alway!
Onward thy progress in honor and worth,
Aye, may thy starry flag over thee wave.

REPEAT—God in his wisdom, etc.

CHAPLAIN LOZIER'S VERSION OF THE FOREGOING OPENING ODE OF THE W. R. C.*

AIR.—“What a Friend we have in Jesus.

Bright above our prosp'rous Nation,
Shines the glorious Sun of Peace,
Stretching forth its “Bow of Promise,”—
—Pledge that *Treason's* storm shall cease!
May its smile abide forever,
Where War clouded once the air,—
—While we meet to aid our Brothers,
And their “*Works of Love*” to share.

Cold are firesides now.—once glowing;
Cold are hearts that nobly fought,
Come we now, our help bestowing,
Where these Missing ones are not.
Help we helpless ones in sorrow,
Cheer we hearts o'erwhelmed with care,—
—While we meet to aid our Brothers,
And their “*Works of Love*” to share.

Native Land! God speed thee onward!
Twice redeemed by Patriots' blood;
All our loyal hearts commend thee
To the keeping care of God.
May our Starry Banner ever
Hallow, with its folds, the air,—
—While we meet to aid our Brothers,
And their “*Works of Love*” to share.

*NOTE.—“Keller's American Hymn” being difficult to sing without the music in hand, at the request of leading officers of the W. R. C., Chaplain Lozier has paraphrased the words of the old ode, adapting them to a *familiar* tune which all can readily sing.

INITIATION ODE.

Air—Webb—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

With warm and kindly greeting,
 We gladly welcome you;
 Each heart responsive beating,
 In friendship tried and true.
 A high and noble purpose,
 Moves every heart and hand;
 We work for those whose valor,
 From treason saved our land.

For those, alas! whose numbers
 Grow less each passing year;
 For those who fought to save us
 The homes we hold so dear.
 We work for those brave martyrs,
 The army of the slain;
 Whose nameless graves are scattered
 O'er many a Southern plain.

For widowed ones and orphans,
 Left to our loving care;
 Our hands will gladly labor,
 Our hearts their sorrows share.
 Then once more kindly greeting,
 And welcome we extend;
 May each and all prove worthy
 To be the soldiers' friend.

ODES OF THE S. OF V.

OPENING HYMN.



[At command, ATTENTION, after the opening prayer.]

Air—"America."

God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might.

MUSTER HYMN.

[After the obligation is delivered to Recruits, and the Chaplain's prayer is completed, at the command, CAMP, ATTENTION! Sing the following:]

Air.—“ Sweet bye and bye.”

Firm, united in our noble cause,
 Loyal Brothers together we stand,
 Friendship, Charity and Loyalty our laws;
 We will spread them all over our land.
 We will fight for the right,
 And the memories of heroes gone before.
 Ever blest the glorious light
 Of freedom, blood-stained but secure.

CLOSING HYMN.

[At the command, ATTENTION! after the Chaplain's closing prayer sing:

Air.—“ Greenville.”

(Popularly known as “ Days of Absence,” and “ Come ye Sinners poor and needy.”)

Brothers, now our work completed
 Let us to our homes repair,
 Still to friendship dedicated,
 We will each perform our share.
 Let our charity be abounding,
 Unto all who wore the blue,
 And in loyalty united,
 We will to our land be true.
 Bearing high the noble banner,
 Stained with blood of patriot sires,
 We will ever on our altars,
 Keep alive fair freedom's fires.
 And the memories ever precious,
 Of the heroes gone before,
 As Sons of Veterans, we will cherish
 Until time shall be no more.



CHAPLAIN LOZIER'S "GONUNDRUM."

VOT DID DEM BRIVATES DO?

(Recitation.)

I.

Vot's dot vot you vellers is talkin'
 'Bout beples vot fight in de war?
 Und licked all dem secesh-her-repels
 Till dey didn't could fight any more:
 You tell how dem *Shenerals* licked 'em:
 Vell, maype dots all very drue,
 But while dey vas doin' dot fightin'
 Vot's dot vot dem *Brivates* do?

II.

I read in de bapers pout Gurnels
 Vot sharge on dot strong Rebel line,
 Und gobbel 'bout tain tousand rebels—
 Py kracious! dot *reads* mighty fine!
 Und I look on dot peautiful bicture
 Till I'm yust about "gone" on dot view,
 Und I tink dot dem Gurnels was bully,
 But, vot did dem *Brivates* do?

III.

Und Somedimes I hear of some Majors
 Vot did somedings pig in de fight,
 Und Captains sometimes, und Lieutenants,—
 But dey doned shine 'em out werry pright,
 Vor dey march on der groundt mit de Brivates,
 Und, I tells yer now somedings dots drue:—
 Ov dey didn't vas Brivates derseluf
 Dey *know* vot dem Brivates do!

IV.

Ov you fights in de ranks in dem battles,
 You vish you somedimes vasn't dere!
 You vish you vas von of dem Shenerals
 Vot ride on a horse in de rear.
 Den, ven ve are chased by dem rebels
 Dot horse, he skedaddle mit you;—
 You doan haf to run like a son of gun
 De same vot dem *Brivates* do!

V.

Who marchet all de day in de rainstorm
 Und stood on de bicket all night;
 Und den had to go in de mornin'
 Mitoued hes "grub" into de fight?
 Who made dem old Johnnies Skedaddle,
 Und sometimes *get* skedaddled too?
 Vell, if dem pig officers did it,—
 Den vot did dem *Brivates* do?

VI.

Who marchet in de dust and de sunshine,
 Und carried his knapsack und gun?
 Und hunt all de while for a furlough,
 Und didn't find never a von?
 Who buildt all dem vorts und dem Bridges,
 Und trenches und Rifle-pits too?
 Ov dem "shoulder strap" vellers did it,
 Den vot did dem *Brivates* do?

VII.

Who took all de rough und de tumble
 In rain and in snow and in heat?
 Who stood in de front in de battle
 Und brot up de rear in retreat?
 I doaned would go back on dem Shenerals,
 Vor dey did purty vell, und dots drue,
 But vot give dem deir stars and deir glory,
 Vas de dings vot dem *Brivates* do!

VIII.

So den, ven you give dem some glory,
 Youst dink of de men in de ranks.
 Und rememper dem shattered old veterans
 Grows awful tired livin' on "thanks."
 Ven you ask *how much* pension to pay dem,
 Youst tell us how much to pay *you*
 To stand youst *one hour* and be shot at
 Like, for *years*, dem poor *Brivates* do?

IX.

But dem officers *earn* all yer give dem,
 Vor dey somedimes doan fare werry vell;
 Und dem *Brivates* dey find all de Shickens,
 Und dem officers deoan get a schmell.
 But den ve vas all on a level
 Ven dem "kraybacks" vas goin' for you,
 Vor you all had to scratch like everydings,—
 Youst de same vot dem *Brivates* do!

X.

So ve stands by dem Shenerals und Gurnels
 Ov you offer dem any abuse,
 Vor ef ve gets a chance to be Shenerals
 By gracious! you dink we *refuse*?
 But I yust vas a goin' to mention,
 Dat now,—ven dot var vas all droo;—
 Dem officers go vor dot *Bension*—
 Yust der same vat dem *Brivates* do!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Re-arranged for the "American Tribune" by CHAPLAIN LOZIER.

The Loyal Blue and the Traitor Gray
 Alike in the grave are sleeping,
 Lying side by side in the sunlight's ray,
 And under the storm clouds weeping.
 'Tis well to forgive the repented past;
 God giving us grace, we may.
 But never while loyalty true shall last
 Can we honor or love the Gray.

Our Boys in Blue were loyal and true,
 For their God and their country dying;
 With a grateful pride that is ever new,
 We garland the graves where they're lying.
 Their blood was shed by rebel hands;
 They fell in the fearful fray
 While guarding our flag from traitors' hands,
 We do not love the Gray.

We do not hate them; our hearts would fain
 Cast a veil o'er the tearful story.
 It cannot bring back our loyal slain,
 Nor tarnish their deathless glory,
 But barriers deep and high and wide,
 Divide the false from the true.
 Shall treason and honor stand side by side?
 Is the Gray the peer of the Blue?

Answers each loyal heart to-day:
 They are peers and equals never.
 No wreath on a traitor's grave we lay,
 They are loyalty's tribute forever.
 Give warmest love where love is due;
 To the Loyal all honor pay;
 Love and honor we owe the Blue,
 But what do we owe the Gray?

We owe them three hundred thousand graves,
 Where the loved and lost are lying.
 We owe them, where e'er our banner waves,
 Homes filled with tears and sighing.
 Do they think that we forget our dead,
 Our boys, who wore the blue,
 That because they sleep in the same cold bed,
 We know not the false from the true.

Believe it not! Where our heroes lie,
 The very ground is holy,
 His name, who dared for the right to die,
 Is sacred, however lowly.
 What! deck with honor the Traitor Gray,
 And make it the peer of the Blue,
 Our flowers at the feet of treason lay?
 No! Never while God is true.

WHY HE WOULD NOT SELL THE FARM.

Here, John! you drive the cows up while your ma brings out the pails,
But don't yer let me ketch yer hangin' onter them cows' tails,
An' chasin' 'em across that lot at sich a tarin' rate;
An' John, when you come out, be sure an' shet the pasture gate.

It's strange that boy'll never larn to notice what I say;
I'm 'fraid he'll git to rulin' me if things goes on this way;
But boys is boys, an' will be boys till they grow up to men,
An' John's 'bout as good a lad as the average of 'em.

I'll tell you, stranger, how it is, I feel a heap o' pride
In that boy—he's our only one since our little Neddy died;
Don't mind me, sir, I'm growin' old, my eyesight's gettin' dim,—
An' 't seems somehow a kind o' mist comes 'long o' thoughts o' him.

Jes set down on the door step, Squar, an' make yourself to hum;
While Johnny's drivin' up the cows,—I'll tell you how it come—
That all our boys has left us exceptin' Johnny there;
An' I reckon, stranger, countin' all, we've had about our share.

Thar was our first boy, Benjamin, the oldest of them all,
He was the *smartest* little chap—so chipper, pert, an' small!
He come to us one sun-bright morn, as merry as a lark,
It would ha' done your soul good, Squar, to see that little spark!

An' thar was Tom, "a hansum boy" his muther allus said,
He took to books, an' learned so sry, we put that sprig ahead.
His skoolin' cleaned the little pile we'd laid by in the chest,
But I's bound to give the boy a chance to do his "level best."

Our third one's name was Samuel; he growed up here to hum,
An' worked with us upon the farm till he was twenty-one.
For Benjamin had larned a trade—he didn't take to work;
Tom, mixin' up in politics, got 'lected county clerk.

We can all remember, stranger, the year of sixty-one,
When the spark that tetched the powder off in that confed'ret gun
Flashed like a streak o' lightnin' up acrost from East to West,
An' left a spot that burned like fire in every patriot's breast.

An' I'll tell you what it was, Squar, my boys cum up to the scratch;
They all had a share o' the old man's grit, with enough o' their own to
match—

They "show'd their colors" an' set their flint,—their names went down
on the roll,

An' Benjamin, an' Thomas, an' Sam was pledged to preserve the old
flag whole.

They all cum hum together at last, rigged up in their soldier clothes;
It made my old heart thump with pride, an' their mother's spirit 'rose;
For she'd been "down in the mouth" somewhat, since she heard what
the boys had done;

For it took all three, an' it's hard enough for a mother to give up one.

But thar war'nt a drop o' coward's blood in her veins I can tell you first,
For she'd send the boys an' the *old man too*, if worst had come to worst!
I'll never forget the *last night*, when *we* all kneeled down to pray,
How she give 'em, one by one to God, in the hush of the twilight *gray*.

An' then, when mornin' broke so clear—not a cloud was in the sky—
The boys cum in with sober looks to bid us their last good-bye;
I didn't expect she would stand it all with her face so firm and calm;
But she didn't brake, nor give in a peg, till she cum to kissin' Sam.

An' then it all cum out at once, like a storm from a thunder cloud;
She just sat down on the kitchen floor—broke out with a sob so loud,
That Sam give up, and the boys cum back, and they all got down by
her there,

An' I'm thinkin' 'twould make an Angel cry to hav' seen that partin',
Squar

I think she had a *forewarnin'*; for, when they brought back poor Sam,
She sat down by his coffin thar with her face so white an' calm,
An' the neighbors that cum a pourin' in to see our soldier dead,
Went out with a hush on their tremblin' lips, an' the words in their
hearts unsaid.

Stranger, perhaps you've heard of Sam, how he broke through that
Secesh line,

An' planted the old flag high an' dry, where its dear old stars could shine!
An' after our soldiers won the day an' were gatherin' up the dead,
They found our boy with his brave heart still, an' that flag above his head.

An' Tom was shot at Gettysburgh, in the hottest of the fray—
They say that he led his gallant boys like a hero through that day;
But they brought him back with his clear voice hushed in the silent
sleep of death,

An' *another* grave grows grassy green 'neath the kiss of the summer's
breath.

An' Benjamin, he cum hum at last, but it made my old eyes ache
To see him lay with that patient look, when it seemed that his heart
would break

With his pain an' wounds; but he lingered on till the flowers died away,
An' then we laid him down to rest, in the calm of the autumn day.

Will I sell the old farm, stranger,, the house where my boys were born?
Jes look down through the orchard there beyond that field of corn—
Ken you see them four white marble stones gleam out through the
orchard glade?

Well, all that is left of our boys on airth rests under them old trees'
shade.

But here cums John with the cows, you see, an' it's 'bout my milkin' time;
If you happen 'long this way agin, jes' stop in at any time.

Oh! you axed if I'd any notion the old farm would ever be sold;

Wall, it may be, Squar, but I'll tell you plain, 'twill be *when the old
man's cold*.

—A. Alphonzo Dayton.

OUR WOMAN HEROES.

BY KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

There are heroes for danger and heroes for war,
And heroes there are without chevron or star;
Whose monuments rise in no temple of fame,
Whose deeds neither herald or trumpet proclaim.

The mothers who gave their brave sons to the fray,
With tears for their pillows, but smiles for the day;
The wives with their babies asleep in their arms,
Their hearts throbbing fast at the battle alarms.

The girl leaning shy on her young lover's breast,
One kiss, 'tis the last, ere his soul is at rest;
The widow who passed from the freshly-turned clod
To comfort the wounded, or speed them to God.

No soldier ere answered the call of the drum,
But left woman weeping until he should come;
No hero ere died in the heat of the strife,
But woman in sorrow hung over his life.

O, brave woman heroes, your faith and your pride,
Have urged to the conquest, have cheered those who died;
Your prayers have lit the rough paths of defeat,
Till glory blazed over the lines of retreat.

When carnage ran reddest, and woman was seen,
All hats were uplifted as 'twere to a queen;
Now, open ranks, comrades, salute her once more,
Untitled, unchevrons, but dear as of yore.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance,
Nor swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight,
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

THE COPPERHEAD FUNERAL:

A SATIRE,

Delivered at the Grand Lincoln Ratification Meeting at Indianapolis,
Ind., Nov. 15th, 1864,

BY JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER.

'Twas just such a day on the Eighth of November
As terminates all Presidential campaigns.
For, whatever party succeeds in the voting,
There's one thing we're sure of, we all get the rains.
..(And this is the reason it rains at elections:—
Some people take so little water within,
That nature, to punish their gross derelictions,
Just pours it outside, and it soaks through the skin)..
'T was a stormy, bad day, and the pitiless beating
Of dripping wing'd wind, and of storm-laden blast,
Soon sent me in haste to my chamber retreating,
To dream of the future and ponder the past,
A scarce had I entered the bright land of dreaming,
On fancy's bright wings wafted lightly along,
Till I came to a scene of such marvelous seeming,
That fain would I tell of its wonders in song.

I stood in the midst of a charnel-like chamber—
But where it was located puzzles my wit,—
But I judge from the odors of whiskey and sulphur,
'Twas not very far from the "Bottomless Pit."
No drapery hung on the walls or the ceiling,
Save remnants of sundry Confederate flags—
No furniture there save a countless confusion
Of boxes and bottles and barrels and kegs,
The bats sailed above, and the snakes hissed around me,
And hobgoblins seemed to be thronging the air:
Nor could I shake off the impression that bound me
That Devils, or *Copperheads*, habited there.

Not long did I pause, till a wail for the dead
Came echoing up through the cavernous air,
And I knew by the sound of a slow, measured tread,
That a funeral cortege was entering there.

First, entered a General of dubious fame,—
The stars on his shoulder were tarnished and old,
The fate or their wearer they seemed to proclaim—
The metal that glitters not always is gold!
Aloft o'er his head a broad banner he bore,
Whose emblems and mottoes were strangely combined,
A Sword and a Shield were emblazoned before,
A Dove and an Olive Branch followed behind.
"Antietam" was brightly inscribed on its face—
Opposed stood "Chicago," in colors as fair—
And courage and cowardice, fame and disgrace,
In gross paradoxes were mingling there.
In silence I gazed as the cortege drew near,
Nor asked who it was this strange banner displayed,—
I knew Chickahominy's "hero" was there,
The battle-scarred *Chief of the "Mackerel Brigade!"*

And, next, came the funeral pall on its bier,
 Each pall-bearer *trained* to the burden he bore;
 For each one had carried a liberal share
 Of *beer*—or of something else *stronger*—before!
 The chief of the pall-bearers seemed, as he stood,
 To *Seymour* of sadness than words could define;
 The second appeared like a statue of *Wood*,
 In gloomy transition from *Pop(u)lar* to *Pine*!
 The third, who had dwelt for long years in the tombs,
 Returned once again this sad duty to do;
 And when he approached with his charnel-house fumes
 I scarce could refrain from exclaiming, O, *Pugh*!
 And last of the number that carried the bier,
 Was one who had drank his full measure of woe;
 He missed his election to Congress this year,
 And 'tis 'nt much wonder the *Cox* did'nt crow!

And after the bier came a dolorous train,
 Led on by Vallandig—whose surname was *Ham*;
 'Tis due to the race that I pause, to explain
 'Twas not of the *ancient* "Ham" family he came,
 For tho' the "Ham" family are held in disgrace;—
 Have sable complexion, and ill shapen figure,
 To say that Vallandigham came of that race,
 Is rather too heay a joke on the nigger!

A heart-stricken Jew followed close at his side,
 Of *August* appearance, yet tearful and bent;
 You'd think by the way that he bellowed and cried.
 That gold must have "tumbled" a hundred per cent!

But, Ah! it were vain to be singing at length,
 Of each of these mourners;—suffice it to say,
 The Copperhead party were there in their strength,
 Save what Grant and Sherman and "Phil" kept away!

They halted at length, near a rude shapen stand,
 And lowered the bier to its place on the ground.
 Then signalled the Chief with a wave of his hand,
 And all the vast multitude gathered around,
 For there is no substance on this whirling sphere
 That draws on a Copperhead equal to bier.

Then slowly, and sadly he lifted the pall,
 And, brushing the tears from his eyelids, he said:—
 "Ye Mackerels, here ye have met at my call,
 "To bury your Party, now gone to the dead!"

And as, from the carcass, the pall he withdrew,
 A stench indescribable loaded the air,
 For all the corruptions that earth ever knew,
 Were mingling and reeking and festering there!
 A hideous fiend sat enshrined on its brow.
 And demons looked out from its cavernous eyes,
 And the tongue that hung over its half open jaw
 Seemed even in death to be loaded with lies!
 Fierce, venomous Reptiles crept forth from its breast,
 And fed on the flesh as it festering lay;
 Till my spirit recoiled, and with loathing oppressed,
 I turned from the horrible vision away!

Again spoke the Chieftain, still dripping with tears,
 And frantically wringing his hands as he spake:—
 "Friends, Mackerels, and countrymen, lend me your ears,
 (The *heaviest* loan he could ask them to make!)—
 "You see here before you the mortal remains
 "Of one who was once full of vigor, and hearty:—
 "In fact, to be brief, for my heart throbs with pains,
 "'Tis the corpse of our idolized Copperhead party.
 "The cause of its dying already you know,
 "Although we were wont to deny it before,
 "It died, as the Whig party died long ago—
 "*It batted its brains out opposing the war!*"

The Chief had scarce uttered this sentence profound,
 When up rose Vallandigham, close to his side,
 And, slowly and tearfully, gazing around,
 In eloquent earnestness, gravely replied,—
 "Not so, mighty Chief, it was *you* and your clan,
 "Occasioned the Party's untimely decease;
 "You know that the platform upon which you ran,
 "Demanded a prompt, unconditional *Peace*?—
 "And I, who had given that Platform its life,
 "Would surly have beaten Abe Lincoln upon it,
 "Had not the War Democrats got up a strife,
 "And kicked me aside, sir, and hoisted you on it,
 "I thought that the track would have surely been mine,
 "For well I remember your speech at West Point,
 "And thought for *consistency's* sake, you'd *decline*,
 "But soon I discovered my nose out of joint!
 "You mounted a Platform that clamored for *Peace*,
 "Yet pointed with pride to your record of *war*!
 "With one hand an Olive Branch flourished with grace,
 "The other hand brandished a sword red with gore!
 "To this *double dealing*, this death, sir, is due.
 "This *hot* and *cold* blowing, performed at a breath:—
 "Your butting the Platform, and it butting you,
 "Has butted yourselves and the Party to death!"

"Your pardon," cried Seymour, "but let me suggest,
 "You both have mistaken the cause of our woe;
 "For I have been slaughtered along with the rest,
 "And I think I'm in a condition to know;
 "'Twas not that our candidate savored of war,—
 "'Twas not that our Platform was pregnant with peace,—
 "'Tis want of *conservatives* most I deplore,—
 "'Tis this that has caused this untimely decease!
 "Foreseeing this evil, I offered to run;
 "The policy then that I sought to prescribe, is
 "The same that old Jupiter gave to his son—
 "*In medio via tutissimus ibis.*"

"Hold! Hold! friend Horatio," cried "Alec," the Long,
 "I cannot endure this conservative trash!
 "I always contended such doctrine was wrong;
 "And now it has broken the party to smash!
 "You ought to have let the Confederates go;
 "But, up at Chicago, you diddled and dolted,
 "Till neither side got what they *wanted*, and so
 "The Radical men out of *both* factions *bolled*!

"I shust vant von vord," interrupted the Jew,
 "I tinks dat you shentlemens all is mistaken,—
 "I tinks dat the party vas fateful and drew,
 "But spite at de *British* dis mischief is makin';
 "For England was anxious for Lincoln's defeat,
 "And vurnished us money so vreely as vater,
 "But dese stubborn Yankees shust say 'I can't see 't,'
 "And so dey defeated us—'dat's vat's de matter!'"

"Excuse me, dear friends, but I rise to define
 "The views that are held in the old 'Hoosier State.'—
 "For I, and these weeping companions of mine,
 "Are victims alike of this horrible fate;
 "'Twas I, sirs, that throttled the monster O. P.,
 "And mournfully fell in our party's defense;
 "And even my foes will acknowledge of me,
 "That I make up in *pluck* what was lacking in *sense*!
 "'Tis true, that the Platform was merely a snare;—
 "'Tis true 'Little Mac' didn't strengthen us much;—
 "'Tis true that, in spite of the pledges so fair,
 "Our friendship for slavery stampeded the Dutch;
 "Though all this is true, sirs, I stoutly contend
 "That my *diagnosis* is perfectly plain:
 "The party was brought to its horrible end
 "By copous effusions of '*Dodd on the brain*!'"

"Hold! hold! cried the Chieftain, "this wrangling must end
 "Or soon it will drive me from sadness to fury!
 "'Tis not a *post-mortem* you're called to attend;—
 "You're *mourners* to-day, not a 'Coroner's Jury,'
 "There stands here before you, my dear cherished friend
 "Who *ought* to have filled the Vice-President's station."
 "He comes to lament o'er the party's sad end,
 "And speaks in your hearing its funeral oration."

The Orator said, after wiping his eyes:—
 "Kind friends, unaccustomed to speaking I rise,
 "But mine is the duty, the sad news to tell
 "The Copperhead Party is *dead in the shell*!
 "The causes that led to this horrible fate,
 "The speakers before me have tried to relate;
 "The *principal* reason, in my way of thinking,
 "Is *too many people have voted for Lincoln*!
 "Gigantic indeed was the struggle to save us;
 "John Bull did his best, sirs, and so did Jeff Davis,
 "But nothing availed to avert the dread evil,
 "And so the dear Party has gone to ——."

...He suddenly paused, for an owl, in its flight,
 "Came sweeping along in the cavernous air;
 "The breath of its pinions extinguished the light;
 "And naught but the blackness of darkness was there!
 "But forth from the throng came a wail of despair,
 "So wildly unearthly, so fiendish and dread,
 "That, startled, I sprung from my old cushioned chair,
 "And the dream of the Copperhead Funeral had fled!

* * * * *

The vision has fled, but its course may be tracked
 By horrible echoes that ring through my brain;
 And I hope I shall never, in fancy or fact,
 Approach quite as near Pandemonium again!
 Such moral putrescences,—such venomous smell,
 Is a "whiff," I am sure, from the orthodox hell!

SONG OF ALL WAR SONGS.

BY T. R. TIFFANY.

Tune:—"Captain with his whiskers."

While threading in life's journey its devious paths along,
 You perchance have seen the most of the contents of my song.
 In all grades of literature, where those who wish may see,
 Are songs of war, whose authors are of high and low degree;
 And while seeking for amusement, in idle hours of the day,
 To read their various titles I've often lingered on the way;
 And in jotting them down, as I read them along,
 I obtained my material for "Song of all war songs."

There's "The brave battery boys," and "The jolly Jack Tar,"
 "We were comrades together in the days of the war;"
 "Tenting on the old camp ground," "In the camp fire's glowing light."
 "Our watchword," "All quiet on the Potomac to-night,"
 "Do they think of me at home?" "When the swallows homeward fly;"
 "Starved in prison," and "Dear mother, I've come home to die."
 There's "The bold soldier boy," "Young recruit," and "Union scout;"
 "Have you sharpened your swords?" "Does your mother know
 you're out?"

"Stand up for Uncle Sam, boys," and "The Union volunteers,"
 "Shout the battle cry of freedom," and "Song of a thousand years;"
 With the "Star spangled banner," and "The red, white and blue."
 "Glory, glory, hallelujah," and "Yankee doodle do;"
 "Then rally round the flag, boys," "Keep the camp fire burning bright,"
 "We are coming, Father Abram," and "May God protect the right;"
 "Just before the battle, mother," "Farewell," "Bid me good-bye,"
 "Hold the fort for I am coming," "Root, hog, or die."

"Lay me down and save the flag," "After the battle," "Blue and gray,"
 "Oh, wrap the flag around me, boys," "Brave boys are they,"
 "Our comrade has fallen," "Way, down in Tennessee,"
 "Who will care for mother now?" "In the cottage by the sea;"
 There's "The captain with his whiskers," and "The little octoroon,"
 "Grafted into the army," "Along with Old Zip Coon;"
 "Oh, take your gun and go, John," with "The German volunteer,"
 "Going to fight mit Sigel," and "De bully lager beer."

"When this cruel war is over," and "They've broken up their camp,"
 "When Johnnie comes marching home again," "Tramp, tramp, tramp;"
 "Let me kiss him for his mother," "In his faded coat of blue,"
 "'Tis finished," "Corporal Schnapps," "Hail Columbia," "Bully
 for you,"

"On, on, on, the boys come marching," "See the conquering heroes
 come,"

"Coming home from the old camp ground," with "The music of the
 drum,"

Then "The girl I left behind me," "Coming through the rye,"
 "I have something sweet to tell you," and "The goose hangs high."

* * * * *

But if you want the grandest in the patrotic line,
 Get "The Veteran's Last Song," and "My Father's Flag and Mine,"
 "Bury Me With My Badge," and the "Charge" we all should keep,
 In that song by Chaplain Lozier:— "Guard that Banner While We Sleep."

WHY I JINED THE G. A. R.

As recited by comrade ED. H. HARLAN. Chicago, at Lake
Bluff Assembly, G. A. R. Day, 1890.

I had been thinking, year after year,
I'd jine the Grand Army;
But Jane would interfere,
And say trom all she could hear
There was nothing but poletics about 'em,
And I had just better keep out of 'em.

So, things went on from day to day,
And year to year in the same old way,
'Till along last summer, when I was making hay;
Working hard, but feeling gay.
When, all at once, a pain tuck me
In the back of my head--the sun struck me!

Down I tumbled flat on my back,
Clear off the top of that big hay stack,—
Square down across the wagon-rack:
—You could almost hear my old bones crack!

They hauled me home with some misgiving;—
For I was a heap more dead than livin'.
They laid me gently on my bed
Sposin of course I was good as dead.
And Jane brought the camfire and bathed my head,
Which felt like a burning lump of lead,
And Thompson he rid off to town
To bring the family doctor down.

Then I rallied for a little spell:
The doctor said twas hard to tell,—
Bein as how—the way I fell.—
But he thought I possibly mout git well.
Told Jane how to dose the draps,—
Said he'd call again that night perhaps.

Then I began to fret and stew;—
Wonderin what on airth I'd do?
There lay my hay—out in the dew;
And harvest comin on me too:—
Till I just drapt off, it kinder seemed,—
And slept for years, and dreamed and dreamed.

I drempt of bugles, drums and bells.
Of flying flags, and bustin shells;—
Of cannons roar; and rebel yells;
And starvin men in prison-cells.
I drempt I saw my old brigade
A marchin' out on dress parade.

And here and there, upon the ground,
The dead and dyin' lying round.
With here and there a fresh made mound.
All kivered up and hid away:—
Brave men who fought and fell that day.

And then I suffered all that pain
 From that hot minnie-ball again,
 That laid me out on Shilo's plain!
 I raised my eyes, and called out "Jane."
 And there she stood,—with three "Old Boys"
 That marched with me from Illinois!

And hang'en on the wall, in view,
 That flag,—the old "Red, White and Blue!"
 And roses from the bush that grew
 Out by the window,—fresh with dew,—
 Was stuffed in my old canteen!
 And Jane was a cryin',
 'S if I, and all her 'kin were dyin'!

Life's too short for me to tell
 How long I lingered; but I got well,
 And, three weeks from the day I fell,
 I walked out in the yard a spell.
 —Looked down across the medder tract,
 And saw my hay all cut and stacked!

I know'd who done that job,—you bet!
 —Them G. A. R's, and don't you forget!
 Jane told me how the boys had met
 There, every night, and worked and sweat,—
 Doin' all that mortal men could do
 To help her out and pull me through.

Now I'm a G. A. R. my brother
 Up one side and down the other,
 And the flies aint listen on us nuther!
 And Jane, she jined the Womans' Corps—
 They took her in the night before,—
 And when she showed me the badge they wear
 I up and kissed her then and there!
 And when I showed her this of mine
 She paid me back in sim'lar coin!

So Jane and I are "mustered in,"
 And bound to stick through thick and thin.
 And Jane remarks that she fails to see
 How their "politics" is hurtin' me;
 'Kase that's the only kind they've got,—
 Though they *will* keep votin the way they shot!



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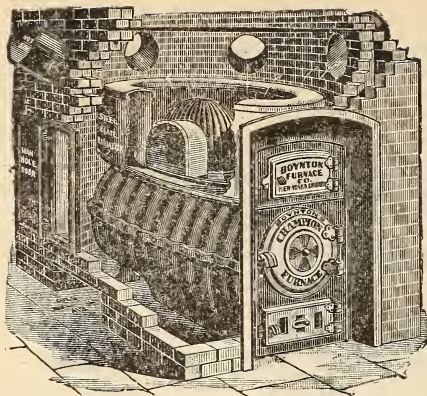
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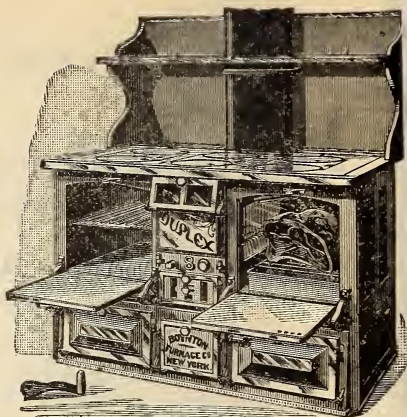
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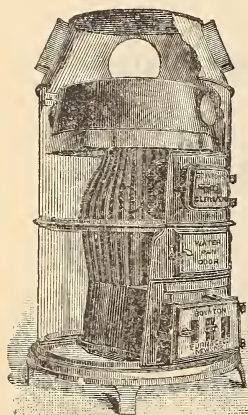
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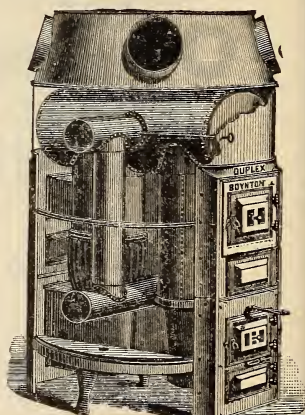
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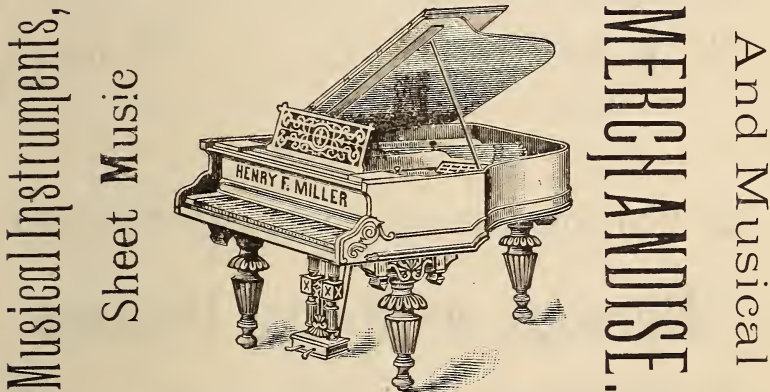
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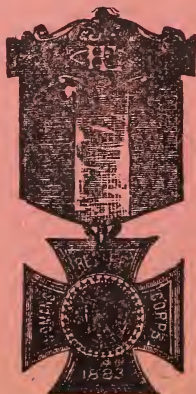
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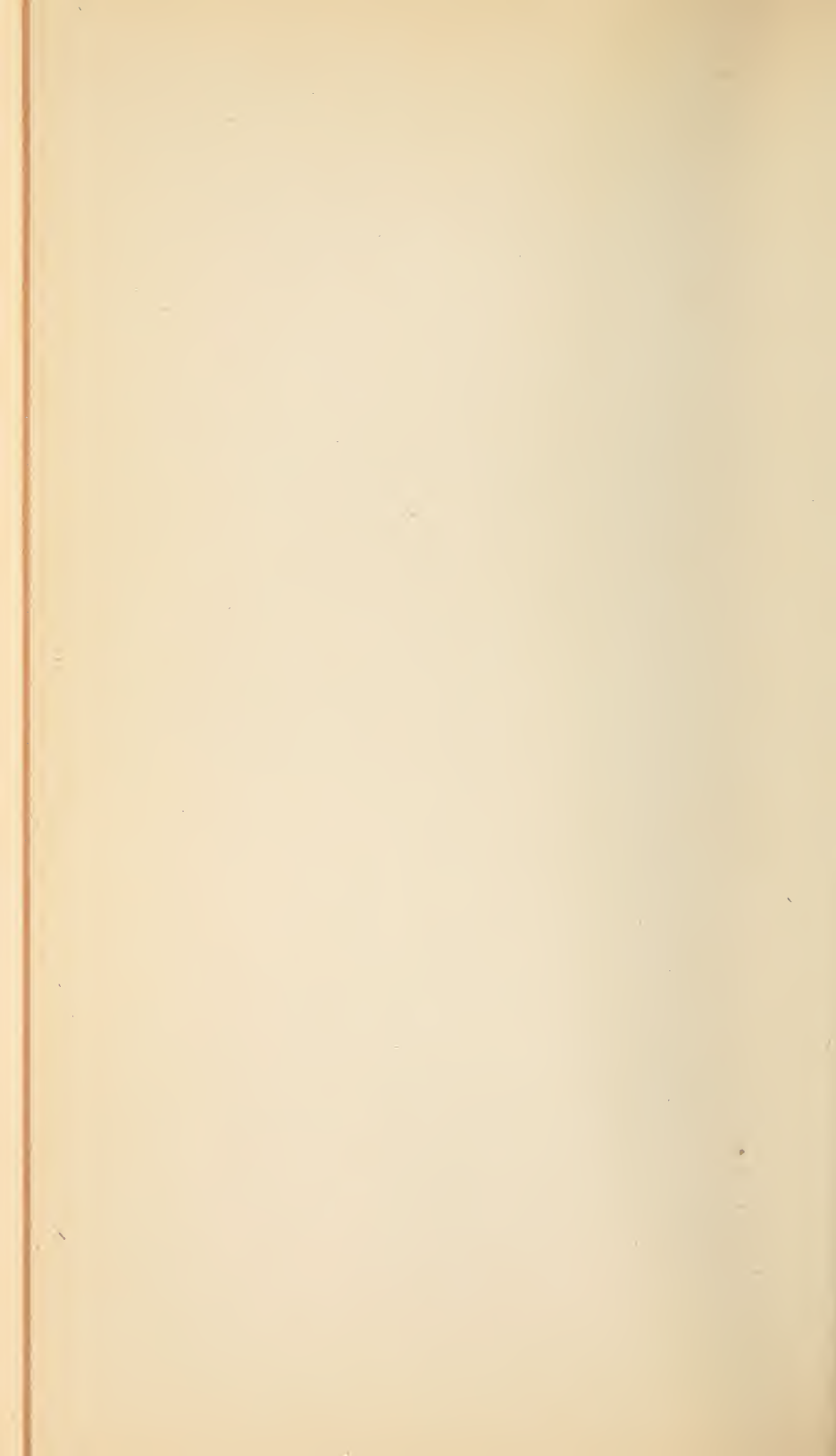
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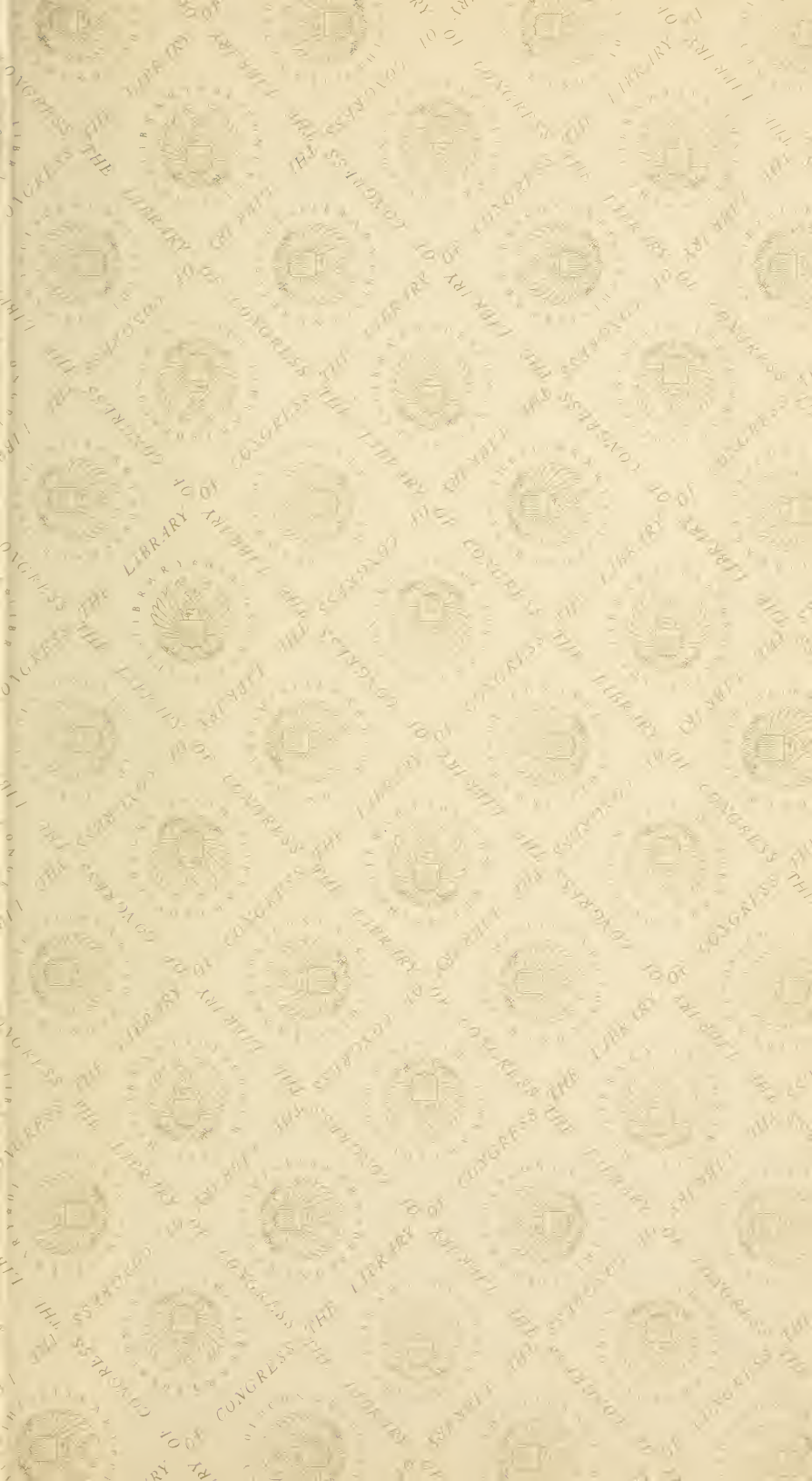
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